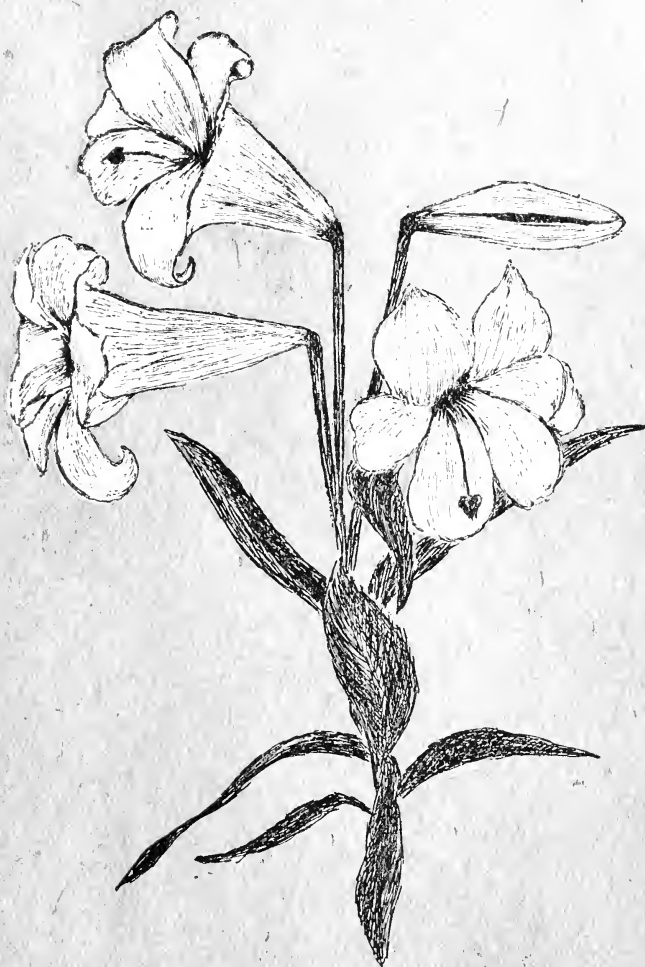


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The Immortal Flower



AND
Other Inspirational Poems

By SYLVESTER CLAYTON HIGBEE



The Immortal Flower

AND

Other Inspirational Poems

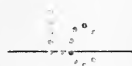


By **SYLVESTER CLAYTON HIGBEE**

Author of

"Songs of Hope and Joy," adapted to Gospel Hymns.

"Queen Ouida," an Epic of the times of the
Pyramids in preparation.



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FOREWORD

FIRST of all, this book is written for Spiritualists. To our orthodox friends we would say, after the manner of Paul before King Agrippa (Acts 26: 1; see also Acts 4: 19, 20), we do but speak the things which we know and which any honest, intelligent investigator may likewise prove for himself, even as Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and a host of others—the world's brightest and brainiest thinkers have done. The day has long since passed when Spiritualism may be dismissed with a sneer. "Ask, and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find, knock, and it shall be opened unto you," is the challenge to the world. Spiritualism has no fears and asks no favors save a square deal. The Bible is full of spiritualistic phenomena which modern Spiritualism explains and corroborates by the manifestations of today.

SECOND. All poems in this book not otherwise credited are the author's own. Dr. B. F. Austin, the distinguished editor of "Reason," has two selections; Rev. Elizabeth Schauss, of Toledo, Ohio, President O. S. A., has one, and Mrs. Mary T. Longley, of Washington, D. C., has two, which originally appeared in that pioneer journal, queen of all spiritualistic publications, "The Banner of Light." The dear old "Banner," long ago discontinued, seems again given voice in the sweet message of Mrs. Longley's verse.

There are selections also from "Poems of Progress," by Lizzie Doten, a book published fifty years ago, and now out of print, though still found in public libraries. Fearless, analytical, prophetic, Lizzie Doten wielded a truly inspired pen, for which lovers of religious liberty owe her a debt of gratitude. The author is glad to pay this tribute to one of his own beloved inspirers.

THIRD. These poems are inspirational; and however feebly the inspirers may have been able to express themselves through his organism, nevertheless the author is, from time to time, distinctly conscious of the presence of these different spirit entities, whose initials are given.

FOURTH. The poems have been used by the writer in lectures in Cincinnati and elsewhere, and some have also been used by other speakers. And it is in answer to a long-continued and insistent demand of many workers in the cause, both in Ohio and other States, and, above all, to the demand of the spirit world, that these poems are published. May they breathe a message of love, of hope and consolation to other hearts as they so truly have to your humble instrument.

THE AUTHOR.

TO MY ANGEL WIFE,

KATIE MERRITHEW HIGBEE, whose companionship,
both in the earthly and the spiritual life, has
been a veritable benediction, together with
all the loved helpers and inspirers from
the heavenly realm, this little vol-
ume is humbly and affection-
ately inscribed.

S. C. H.

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I WOULD rather be a keeper
 Of the heavenly gates ajar,
 A comforter of souls,
 To point the happy pathway
 Across the shining bar,
 Than to gain all earthly honors
 Of life's material goals.

S. C. H.

THE IMMORTAL FLOWER

INSPIRED BY FANNY CROSBY

THERE'S a flower that blooms forever
In the garden of the heart;
Oh, the beauty of the vision
That its fragrance doth impart.
Visions of the kingdom holy,
Temple of the living God,
Love divine, all love excelling,
Blessing e'en the chastening rod.

'Tis the flower of love immortal
That the Father's will bestows;
In that love He e'er abideth,
Everywhere its beauty glows—
On the sunny slopes of Eden,
In the darkness of the earth,
In thy sorrow's deepest valley
Hath this flower its sweetest birth.

Would you know its name and mission?
Would you know its wondrous power?
Would you gather to your bosom,
Holding close this precious flower?
Then, O then, my Christian brother,
Then, O then, my sister dear,
Cherish well this sweetest blossom
While you dwell on earthly sphere.

'Tis the child of angel whispers
As they come to cheer and guide,
'Tis the loving Father's message,
'Tis the angels who'll abide
If we only bid them welcome
Every hour they'll bless our life;
On a higher plane we'll worship,
Free from jealousy and strife.

There's a flower that blooms forever,
And its name is known as love—
Revelation of the Father
In the earth and heaven above.
Faith and Hope and Charity,
Far the greatest of the three
Is this beauteous flower immortal,
God is love eternally.

THE MESSAGE OF THE SPIRITS

DEAR friends of earth, we come to greet
The tie that binds to make complete,
And this one favor may we ask
That you will help us in the task,
And will not over-criticise,
Expecting us to be so wise,
That all things 'neath the arching skies
We can at once reveal to you.
Why should you cross examine so
About the things you ought to know?
It's very hard to always give
The proof you ask to prove we live;
And O how often we are grieved
That what we say is scarce believed.
We wonder if you always know
Just what is best the truth to show?
And when you go to visit friends,
If everything you say depends
On memory of all details
In every act of life.
And could you tell exactly what,
Describe exactly every spot,
Be sure that nothing's e'er forgot,
Or prophesy the future lot?
O welcome us who come to greet;
We come to make your life complete;
Your daily life we wish to share,
For ALL are SPIRITS HERE and THERE,
And love's immortal, golden chain
Must ever link with thee again,
Sing o'er and o'er the sweet refrain.



WHAT IS DEATH? SPIRITUALISM ANSWERS

WHAT is death? A little broadening of a ripple
upon the shore.
A little loosening of the bands that cripple—this
and nothing more.
What's death? A parting of the cloud above us
which hides the sun.
A golden vision of the souls that love us and labor
done.—B. F. AUSTIN.

A PRAYER

To Thee, Great Spirit of the universe,
The one supreme and governing all,
 We offer love and praise.
All nature is Thy handiwork,
All power and good but attributes of Thine,
And all encompassing Thy ways.
Give us, we pray, the knowledge that shall lead
To life's great goal—far crowning heights
 Amid empyrian blue,
Beyond vibrations of the coarser world,
Where vict'ry's banner, wide unfurled,
 Proclaims the good and true.
There 'mid the scenes of paradise to dwell
And learn the secrets of life's destiny,
 Rejoicing in the light
Of heaven's wondrous panoply,
 Forever seeking only good,
 Are we divinely blest.
We thank thee, blessed angel guides,
For joys immeasurable, for all things good
That lead us on to heaven's altitude.
Encompass with Thy all-sustaining power,
That we, in humble gratitude,
Shall know Thy loving presence ev'ry hour
In that deep peace that e'er abides.



THE MASTER KEY

THE master key of mystery
 Unlocks the door of gloom,
And faces dear through clouds appear;
 They're not within the tomb.
Our hearts rejoice to hear the voice
 In loving accents speak;
They're with us still, we feel the thrill,
 For love its own will seek.

O truth supreme, thy heavenly gleam
 Brings light and joy and peace,
And leads the way to victory
 In powers that e'er increase.
Be true we must, a sacred trust,
 A priceless gift is ours;
In tenderness the sorrowing bless
 With heaven's sweetest power.

This is the call to one and all
The herald angels sing.
Life's greatest task, do this, we ask,
And you shall heaven bring.
To earth by prayer as "over there"
The Father's will is known,
And sweet and clear "Well done" shall hear,
And reap as you have sown.



THE HOME OVER THERE

"THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal dwell."
Oh, glorious vision of the blest!
Its joys I'd ever tell.
So close the border land to us
Its wondrous lights I see,
And voices from the loved ones there
Are ever cheering me.

They reach across the shining strand
In sweetest tenderness,
And all their joys would freely share
In blessed helpfulness.
Glad tidings through the trumpets speak
To prove they're ever near;
Rejoice! rejoice! ye sorrowing ones,
If ye have ears to hear.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.
O death, where is thy sting?
His loving kindness, O how great!
Awake, my soul, and sing.
With voices from dear summerland
In happy unison,
Proclaim the truth to all mankind,
For thus His will is done.

And when thy summons comes to join
The glorious angel band,
In joy and peace thy spirit goes
Because you understand.
There is no death, but deathless change,
And through the mystic veil
Forever and forevermore
Thy loved shall ever hail.

REVELATION

ADOWN the storied ages man's progress we discern—

An overruling destiny, whichever way we turn;
Nor priestly creed nor sacraments can bar its onward way,

Omnipotent and measureless, Truth holds her regal sway.

The prophets of the ancient days looked forward to the birth

Or Him we call Emmanuel, who came to bless the earth—

Who came to show the Father and teach a higher way,

Dispel the darkness of the tomb with love's eternal day.

To rise triumphant o'er the grave in glorious victory,

To prove to sorrowing sons of earth blest immortality,

To Mary, weeping at the tomb, He spoke with tenderest care,

With John and Peter walked the way, partook of earthly fare.

How wondrous was the lesson taught of God's divinest powers!

The mystic veil that separates the spirit world from ours

Was parted at the sepulchre and heaven's light shone through,

The promise of the joys to be revealed to mortal view.

The loved disciples following Him knew not His gracious power

Until the veil of darkness fell, until that fateful hour;

And then the wondrous, glorious Truth in beauty stood revealed

Like bursting bud at blossom time, the wealth that lies concealed.

'Twould seem the world would priceless hold this
precious legacy,
The glorious Truth He did unfold of Immortality;
Of life and love continuous through all eternity,
Of angel loved ones ever near in blessed ministry.

Not so. The Mount of Calvary saw Jesus crucified;
So, too, the lessons that He taught false teachings
have denied;
And all the powers of bigotry have barred Truth's
onward way,
Until at last she burst the bonds and evermore
holds sway.

Our loved are angel visitants to comfort, bless and
cheer;
This truth the Master plainly taught that heaven
is with us here.
Go forth, as righteous messengers, the blessed
truth proclaim,
Victorious over Error's hosts, thy soul with truth
aflake.

And many millions shall arise rejoicing, happy,
free,
Because of your blest ministry they hear, they
know, they see.
There is no death, but deathless change. On Eden's
blissful shore,
Like stars in heaven's jeweled crown, we live for-
evermore.



"OUT"

BY B. F. AUSTIN

OUT of the bondage of man-made creeds
Into the religion of noble deeds.

Out of sectarian bigotry
Into the Church of Humanity.

Out of the fear of a burning hell
Into a realm where the angels dwell.

LIFE GLORIFIED

ETERNAL Keeper of the universe
Whom men call God,
With tend'rest care within Thy shelt'ring arms,
Beneath the sod,
The form we loved and cherished so
We lay to rest.

The spirit self forever lives with Thee;
It can not die.
But in its grander freedom e'er expands
To glorify
And fulfil its destined end and way
In life so blest.

Your loved ones on this radiant shore
In joy would greet,
And tell the wondrous story o'er and o'er
Of life complete.
Yea, bear you in their tender, loving arms
To heights sublime.

Our world is yours, in glory magnified
Beyond your ken,
From rock and rill unto the starry skies
Each flower and glen;
For but a tithe of wealth that Nature holds
She gives to men.

And this sweet "passing," this adventure death!
(You strangely call)
Most glorious is of all life's harmonies
Must come to all.
The gateway to life's wondrous, secret springs
Till now concealed.

O loved ones dwelling in the earthly sphere,
Look up, rejoice,
Attune your souls to melodies divine,
Yea, hear the voice
Of God in angel ministry—
Life gloried.



"In my Father's House are many mansions.
I go to prepare a place for you."—JESUS.

GREETINGS

*FROM REV. LEVI GILBERT, D.D., TO S. C. HIGBEE

FROM my beautiful home in the spirit realm,
With garlands of fadeless flowers,
I come with rejoicing to greet you friend,
And cheer your wearisome hours.
A new revelation has dawned for me,
Old things have passed away,
And only the sweetest of memories
Are part of my life today.
I followed the path my forefathers trod
And dived in theology's lore,
The pathway of faith that led to my God,
And sang of the "evergreen shore."
But little I knew of the mysteries
Of God's salvation plan;
My eyes were blind to this glorious truth—
Eternal progression of man.

Dear brother, I thank you for loving prayers
That helped my spirit to free,
For the beautiful verse and kindly thought,
Whereas I was blind, I see.
I rejoice to join your loving band,
To help your powers unfold;
The world awaits with hungering hearts
The tidings by angels told.
A glorious mission henceforth is thine,
To herald this mighty cause,
Dispelling darkness, doubt and gloom
Through nature's spiritual laws.
Rejoice, rejoice in your precious gift,
Oh, ye who are standing between,
Who hold the portals of heaven ajar,
And reveal th' entrancing scene.
For the morning light is breaking fast
And the darkness disappears.
O ye sons of earth, awake, awake
From thy superstitious fears!
Go ye forth in gladness, the truth proclaim,
The truth that makes you free;
Go ye forth rejoicing, thy soul aflame
With the message of victory.

*Dr. Gilbert, an eminent divine, was for sixteen years editor of the Western Christian Advocate. The "appreciation" number of that journal contained a poem by the writer.

"AT LAST!"

MESSAGE FROM ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

I. Before Transition

O WORDS with sweetest comfort fraught
Because the proof of life they brought
Beyond the veil.
My longing soul was satisfied,
For those I loved had never died;
Love can not fail.

With joy immeasurable proclaim;
Above all wealth and worldly fame
And sacred theories
Is this grand truth, divinest ray
Revealing life's eternal day
And wondrous mysteries.

Because I live the future holds
The promise that in joy unfolds
In Summerland.
The soul mounts up on eagle wings
And evermore rejoicing, sings
Through love's demand.

II. After.

And now I, too, have crossed the bar,
And, entering through the gates ajar,
Have found it so.
Beyond all dreams of paradise
Unbounded joy before me lies;
Ah, NOW I KNOW.

And hast'ning to the loved of earth,
O would that I might tell the birth
That heaven brings.
The thrilling notes of rhapsody
That make the soul in ecstasy
Rejoicing, sing.

Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
We can not tell in thought or word;
But some sweet day
This glad adventure shall be yours,
In peace and joy that e'er endures
Thou'lt pass this way.

HAD I BUT KNOWN

BY S. C. HIGBEE

*A Message from My Angel Wife
[From "Reason," Los Angeles, February, 1921]

O HAD I but known this beautiful truth
Before I was called to go,
A wonderful blessing it would have been,
But, darling, I did not know;
And the shadowy vale so dark and drear
So cruelly opened for me,
To draw me away from all so dear,
Away for eternity.

One little gleam in the darkness shone,
The promise I made to you,
If possible to return to earth,
I'd come, my dear heart, true,
And joy of joys, the promise I've kept,
To cheer your lonely way;
You realize my presence, dear,
I'm with you ev'ry day.

Yes, with you, dear heart, ev'ry day;
Where else would my heaven be?
Away, away 'mid stranger scenes,
Would that be heaven for me?
For home is not shut in by walls,
Nor heaven afar in space,
But where the heart in happiness
Finds its abiding place.
With fervent love forevermore,

YOUR KATIE.

*This precious spirit passed to higher life April 9, 1916. Four days later, at the public meeting and through the very medium I asked her to visit, she came very beautifully. She made the promise three weeks before called, not understanding and not knowing, as I did, that she could so manifest. This precious message came a little later, and because it will comfort others, I persuaded her to let me publish it.—[S. C. H.]



OPEN the door to your loved ones,
Tenderly waiting to greet;
Listen, they're whispering comfort,
Oh, it is wondrously sweet!
Coming to bless and to guide you,
Bidding you ever be true,
Loving the messages bringing,
Brighter the pathway in view.

"THE GUIDING SPIRIT"

(Dedicated to the photo play of same title)

Air: Adapted from "The Holy City"

O GUIDING spirit beautiful,
It fills my soul with awe
That those the world calls dead still live,
And through God's blessed law
Shall come to bless me day by day
And lead me all the way.
O grave, where is thy victory?
O death, where is thy sting?
O grave, where is thy victory?
O death, where is thy sting?

REFRAIN

Hosanna! hosanna! the truth shall make you free,
Hosanna! hosanna! for heaven hath come to me.

A little child stands wistfully
In gown of shining white,
And tries to make her mamma see
Her dress so radiant bright.
O weary ones, let not your hearts
Be sorrow-troubled more;
Your loved are ever guiding you
From heaven's peaceful shore.
Your loved are ever guiding you
From heaven's peaceful shore.

Hosanna! hosanna! the truth shall make you free,
Hosanna! hosanna! for heaven hath come to me.

Beloved spirits with us here,
Together we rejoice;
A hallowed presence comes to bless
Through angel-pictured voice.
In visions of sweet Summerland
The mother's form behold.
O may ye truly understand
As angels came of old.
O may ye truly understand
As angels came of old.

THE LAW OF CONSCIOUSNESS

BY S. C. HIGBEE

(For Ella Wheeler Wilcox)
[From "Reason"]

THERE is no fixed dividing line
Between your world and ours,
So may you walk from day to day
With blessed angel powers.
So may you live in harmony
With laws of love divine,
And dwell with us in happiness—
O may this joy be thine!

The law that holds your world from ours
Is one of consciousness,
And when you sing in happiness
We truly then may bless,
And when you're sad and sorrowing
We, too, are in distress.
The laws of love and sympathy
Divinely thus express.

This is the message we would bring:
Lift up your hearts in song,
And seek the good in ev'rything
To help the world along.
For God is good, and good is God;
There is no other way
If we would reach the sunlit heights
Of love's eternity.



GATHER THE FLOWERS

GATHER the flowers along your way,
Beautiful flowers of harmony.
Gather the flowers of kindly thought,
Gather the flowers of heaven sought,
Gather the flowers of kindly deeds,
Gather the flowers your brother needs.
Thus shall your heaven come to you,
Helping your brother in all you do.
Sooner or later the law discern.
Sooner or later the lesson learn.
Part of Nature's salvation plan,
Infinite purpose governing man.
May we receive the truth aright,
Lovingly guided by inner sight.

MY CREED

BY ELIZABETH SCHAUSS

ASK not if church bells are a-ringing,
If you're impressed reverently to pray,
Or if the temple doors are open
For the masses who go there day by day.
Your heart will tell you
Every hill, or hut, or desert in God's creation
Is an altar built for prayer,
And he who dries a neighbor's falling tears
Sends forth on high a prayer of love eternal;
And he who enters where need and wretchedness
prevail,
Bringing hope and help and consolation,
Hath sung a hymn of everlasting praise
In the midst of God's own congregation;
And he who brings refreshment to the sick,
Whose burning eyelids in fever flutter,
And lifts the burdened out of direst need,
Hath truly, then, partaken of the "Lord's last
supper."
And he who to the prison goeth
With kindly words to greet the convicts there,
To guilty ones a word of cheer imparting,
To help them see the brighter, better way,
And help the innocent this glorious truth to know
That walls of stone imprison bodies, but not souls,
Hath truly "washed the feet of Christ in man,"
And worshipped at the shrine of God in love.
Not only in our words, but in our acts and deeds
Must our religion be represented.
He who values prayers by the number of his words
Prays surely not from the heart's great fullness.
So ask not whether time or place appropriate be,
Or whether yet the Sabbath hath begun.
Remember, the whole world an altar is
And every day and hour is verily God's own.



WE reach across the shining strand,
Your loved ones from dear Beulah land,
And all your joys would freely share
And bring you sunshine for your care.



"COUNT that day lost whose low descending sun
Sees no worthy deed nor action done."—SCOTT.

THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE

LONG ago in man's progression,
So the ancient legends tell,
Prized above the finest rubies
In its humble cloister shell,
Was the pearl of clearest beauty,
Queen of all earth's rarest gems.
Men for this sold all possessions,
That it crown their diadems.

So the Master, wisely teaching
In the parables of old,
His disciples, loving, leading,
This sweet lesson did unfold:
That as men sold all possessions
To obtain this priceless gem,
So the truth He was revealing
Was the priceless gift to them.

Far above the rosy rubies,
More than all the pearls of earth,
Was the mission of the Master,
Was the lesson of His birth.
He, the Blessed of the ages,
Born to show love's highest power,
Born to lead from error's darkness
To the truth's sure refuge tower.

Search the Scriptures, it is written
For ye think that ye shall find
Life eternal in the doctrines
Through the law as there defined?
Here, ye say, your fathers worshipped
As prescribed from day to day;
I have come, the truth revealing,
I have come to show the way.

And except as little children
Ye become in humbleness,
Heaven's kingdom may not enter,
Do thy deeds of righteousness
Not for showing, not for glory,
But for love of brother man,
Thus to heaven gain admission,
This is God's salvation plan.

But in fear of ancient mandate
And of priestly arrogance
Superstition wages warfare
'Gainst the heavenly truth's advance—
'Gainst the light of reformation
That revealed the Father's will,
And in solemn convocation
Hugged their creeds and dogmas still.

Thus, today, the world divided,
In its quarreling and strife,
Turns aside from sweetest vision,
Priceless pearl, eternal life.
Angels with their wondrous blessing
Winging through the open door,
Teaching us of life immortal
On the bright, celestial shore,

But the torch of Reason gleaming
Through the darkness of despair,
Comforteth the Rachel mothers
With the message all shall share,
With glad tidings of the beauty
Of the pearl of knowledge shown,
Teaching life's true way and duty,
Heaven's joys to us makes known.



ROSES, O ROSES

(Air: "Home, Sweet Home")

OH, roses, sweet roses, so dear to my heart,
Of heaven and loved ones thou seemeth a part.
I love your sweet fragrance, like mother's caress,
I feel her dear presence now coming to bless.

Come, come, loved ones come;
Our roses we bring thee;
Be thou ever near.

Be near when the morning awakes with its light,
Be near when the shadows steal o'er me at night.
Oh, dear ones, be with me from day unto day;
We need thy sweet counsel to show us the way.

And when we shall gather with thee over there,
How precious the blessings forever to share!
Where beautiful flowers shall blossom alway—
The glorified vision no tongue can portray.

THE SEVENTH DECLARATION, N. S. A.

My fortune lies within my hands;
I am the architect
To rule my stars of destiny
Howe'er they would direct.
Responsible unto myself,
And must the law obey
If happiness would be my lot;
There is no other way.

Transgression's debt must e'er be paid,
Aye, paid by me alone,
For none the law can e'er evade;
I REAP as I have SOWN.
This is the law omnipotent,
Eternal, just and true—
The law in all things governing
The same for me, for you.

So may the guides and loved ones keep
My pathway true and right,
So may their blessings come to me
And lead me toward the light—
The light of truth and harmony,
Revealing more and more,
As onward through the years I pass,
On toward the golden shore.

And when I cross the mystic line,
Where truth and beauty blend,
Unto elysian fields divine,
This message may I send:
"O loved ones, I have never died—
Reborn in glory land;
I'm living, living evermore,
Where all my powers expand."



A PRAYER

DIVINE Spirit of the universe, the Master Soul of all, we bow our hearts in silent reverence, and ask for those in affliction, for those in sorrow or distress a special blessing. Let the healing forces gathered here be carried to those, ye angel guides must see and know, and sweetly shall the task

fulfill. Help our infirmities and give us strength to endure all things, and rise to heaven's altitude in joy and peace. Let no petty jealousy nor enviousness mar our soul's serenity. May we live worthy of our high calling—our priceless blessing—the knowledge of life everlasting, and of communication with our loved ones over there. Amen.



THE ETHER WORLD

OUT of the depths of the ether world,
The infinite source of power,
The angels are bringing you all things good
And blessing you ev'ry hour.
Eye hath not seen and ear hath not heard,
Nor mortal may comprehend
The wonderful things of the universe,
Nor how they divinely blend.

Oh, could you but see ethereally
And gaze on the heights sublime,
You would realize the immensity
Beyond the limits of time,
And know that your spirit's true destiny
Is a part of the Infinite plan
In all, and through all, that leadeth the way
To the brotherhood true of man.

Omnipotent law is written for all,
The voices of Nature speak—
Eternal is justice beyond recall,
The answer for all ye seek.
Deep calls to deep in a language their own—
Yea, everything you may see or hear
Revealeth the lesson: thou art never alone,
For the universe is your royal sphere.

And this is the prayer we would have you to say:
"Give us, O Father, from day unto day,
Our portion of light to brighten the way,
With courage and strength to press on to the goal
Where infinite love restoreth the soul,
Where loved ones are waiting to welcome us o'er,
Strewing with flowers the beautiful shore
In the glorious joy of life evermore."

THE SOLDIER SON'S MESSAGE

[Written for that dear boy who fell in the Argonne Forest—a message to the sorrowing mother and to every mother who gave a son in defense of humanity and freedom's holy cause. Air: "Just Before the Battle Mother."]

JUST before the battle mother,
I was thinking most of you,
And this message I am sending
Through the wireless heaven's blue—
Sending to my loved ones living
On the earth plane, dear old home;
For your boy is ever near you,
Nor 'mid distant scenes would roam.

CHORUS

O I'll not forget you, mother,
But will love you more and more;
Loving messages will send you
From this blessed, happy shore.

How I longed once more to greet you,
To be gathered to your breast.
How my spirit hovered near you,
And in joy I seemed caressed.
For the angel voices calling
Were so very, very near;
They my spirit gently cradled,
Soothing all my pain and fear.

Now in Summerland I'm dwelling,
Daily guiding, blessing you.
O receive God's wondrous comfort;
'Tis so beautiful and true.
'Tis the comforter that's promised,
Heaven is not far away;
Conscious of my loving presence,
May we journey day by day.



IN MEMORY OF BROTHER JAMES DRYER

Passed to Higher Life May 10, 1920, in His
Ninety-fourth Year

BELOVED friend, so kind, so true,
We will not say good-bye,
But let us all rejoice with you;
Why should we weep or sigh?
Thy race was run, thy work well done,

And heavenly joys are thine.
The crown of life you've nobly won,
Thy mem'ry we enshrine.
Like twilight's beauteous afterglow
Far in the golden west,
A tired child, at eventide
You gently sank to rest.
While angel bands with loving hands
Your spirit bore away,
To dwell with them in Summerland,
In joy eternally.
And heaven is not far away,
Indefinite in space,
But where the heart in happiness
Finds sweet abiding place.
So cherished in our hearts shall live
Each kindly word and way,
Until we, too, shall cross the bar
To love's eternal day.



OH, THAT WILL BE HEAVEN FOR ME

SING not to me of jasper walls,
And streets all paved with gold,
Where angels stand in saintly rows,
Their eyes all throneward rolled,
All playing on their golden harps
Throughout the endless days,
Forever singing solemnly
Their great Jehovah's praise.

O would that be a heaven for you?
It would not be for me.
A humble cottage with my loved
Beside the murmuring sea,
Or far within the forest shade,
Or in the meadows fair,
Would far outshine the jasper walls;
Be this my heavenly share.

I do not care for golden harps,
I would not always sing,
But with my loved ones over there,
O this would heaven bring!
Together in a mission blest,

In progress ev'ry day,
The sum of human happiness
Is found beside the way.

And when we pray Thy will be done
On earth as known in heaven,
'Tis not in resignation said;
Not so the word was given.
Real life lies in the daily task,
Made sweeter by the thought
That angels gather by our side
To help in all we ask.

And, walking in this truer way,
We realize the plan—
The Fatherhood eternally,
The brotherhood of man.
We can not live to self alone;
A grander work is ours,
For ever, in our journey here,
We walk with heavenly powers.

How blest is such companionship
To lead in paths of peace
The lessons of divinest good
That all our powers increase;
That thrill our souls with ecstasy,
The wondrous, heavenly glow.
Rejoice, rejoice, ye pilgrim band!
Divinest truths ye know.



INVOCATION

INFINITE Spirit of Truth, of Love and Harmony,
whom men call God, give us, we pray, our portion
of bread—spiritual bread—that we sustained and
strengthened be in life's daily toil. And let no
thought, or word, or deed unkind mar the sweet-
ness of the day or tempt us from the path of rec-
titude away. Bless all the suffering everywhere,
and lead us all to Thee in prayer, that we may
live above the sordid things of life, above its petty
wrongs and strife. For 'tis so brief, our journey
here, so full of mingled hope and fear, we ought
in kindness every day do something for the com-

mon good, and live for God and brotherhood. For he who lives for self alone must for his selfishness atone, until his soul shall know desire for all things good, for blessings higher. And find salvation's sweetest shrine—to live for others is divine. Amen.



FLAG DAY

AWAKE, ye hosts of freemen all,
The dear old flag salute,
Which never yet has swept the dust
Where right was in dispute.
This day our flag must float alone,
This day let all its beauty own,
This day of days must honored be
Throughout this land of liberty.

That master poet, how inspired,
Sublimely did portray
The beauty of thy stars and stripes
In that immortal lay.
Repeat the words, aye, evermore,
Till they shall ring from shore to shore,
With joy and pride your soul to fill
And feel your pulses quicker thrill.

“When Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldrick of the skies,”
And gave the world our emblem true,
Old Glory's folds, red, white and blue.

Where'er it floats o'er land or sea,
Let every tongue its beauty sing—
The emblem of true liberty
That would to all its blessings bring.
Let sullen slanderers beware!
And let no traitor ever dare
Its principles pollute.
Be every head in reverence bare,
Old Glory, we salute!

THOMAS PAINE

HEROIC soul and patriot,
Defending rights of men;
The ages shall remember thee
And praise thy daring pen.
A grateful country rectify
The wrongs thy name traduced,
In honesty acknowledging
The good by thee induced.

To thee and Franklin, Jefferson,
We owe religious good—
The saviors of our liberties
And rights for which you stood.
Nor ignorance nor priestly craft
Could daunt thy fearless soul;
Thy spirit led victorious hosts
To freedom's righteous goal.

And brighter as the years roll by
Thy fame enduring shines,
In spite of evil conjuring
By bigoted divines
United in mistaken zeal
To force upon mankind
Despotic theories of God,
To love and justice blind.

Beloved brother of the world,
Thy soul with truth aflame,
Wherever Freedom's flag shall fly
We'll reverence thy name;
And future years shall bring to thee
The homage justly due;
The "Age of Reason" truly dawns,
And love shall laurel you.

So may thy spirit animate
Each patriot soul today—
The "Rights of Man" be recognized
In reason's rightful sway;
Religious freedom grow apace,
And every righteous cause,
Because of thee, brave heart and true,
Who stood for highest laws.

Religious creeds you simplified
To daily doing good;
The world thy country justly claimed,
Though still misunderstood.
But more and more the years shall bring
The recompense for wrong,
And many millions gladly sing
Thy praise in verse and song.

THOMAS PAINE

Born Thetford, England, January 29, 1737
Died in New York City, January 8, 1809

IMMORTAL patriot, tried and true,
Let all the world pay homage due,
Who first the league of peace proclaim
That fanned the fires of freedom's flame
For universal brotherhood,
For rights of man and highest good,
Your standard must the world embrace,
Nor any foe you feared to face.
You proved your pen a mighty power
To rouse our soldiers in that hour
Of fearful suffering and need,
And wake to hope and glorious deed.
But nobler was thy fearless stand
That braved the bigots of the land,
And set the Torch of Truth ablaze,
Enthroning Reason in her place,
Exposing as but form and cant
Theology's oft pious rant.
For this you drew their vengeful ire,
Who promptly doomed you to hell fire,
And in their zeal stopped at no lies
In bigotry that crucifies.
Today the millions rise to bless
Thy sterling worth and usefulness;
Thy hell is more than heaven blest,
Let petty saints have all the rest.
The crucible of time extracts
The golden truths of proven facts,
And crowns the martyrs of the past
With glories that forever last.

"THE WORLDS AND I"

E. W. W. INSPIRER

I AM the ego of my soul,
Where'er my spirit dwell,
Where'er the tides of life shall flow,
Whatever changes I shall know,
Whatever gifts the powers bestow,
I am to self accountable.

The earth life is the cradle mould
Of human destiny
Wherein we learn the rudiments
Of life's procession of events
Within the veil material sense
Of what we are and are to be.

Immutable the laws that guide,
Divine the harmony
That leads us in most wondrous ways,
In blindness through the earthly days,
Yet heavenly beauty oft portrays
In blessed ministry.

In visions of the life beyond,
Eternal, just and true,
To glory worlds of summerland,
Where all our powers in joy expand
In answer to the soul's demand—
A broader, grander view.

Life's mission for the worlds and I
The brotherhood of man;
And, mounting up on eagles' wings,
The true I am rejoicing sings
In knowledge of the secret springs
Of revelation's plan.

How little worth the toil and strife
To prove our faith is right;
How useless all this war of word,
In light of reason how absurd,
If ye have neither seen nor heard
In joy of inner sight.

Our world is yours—not separate,
But linked in loving thought;
So many forms, so many creeds
That sadly sow dissension seeds
Instead of doing kindly deeds
With sweet fruition fraught.

This is the lesson we would teach,
The truth we would impart,
That as the stars their endless race
Through all the realms of boundless space
In harmony their course must trace,
As guided by the Master Art,

So man, epitome of God,
Is compassed by His power,
Nor walks alone, but angel-led,
Shall feed upon the living bread,
Yea, verily he shall be fed
Divinely ev'ry hour.

The spirit hosts are gathering
In mighty power and scope
To bring you sweet refreshing showers,
To bring you fadeless, heavenly flowers,
To wake in ecstasy your powers
Beyond all faith and hope.

Let not your hearts be troubled more;
Ye know that ye shall live
And see your loved ones face to face
In blessed victory of grace,
For heaven is here, not far in space,
We sweetest comfort give.

And as we give these blessed truths,
As ye in joy receive,
Remember there is bread to spare,
Let all the world your blessings share;
'Tis but a step to "over there";
Ye KNOW, 'tis not BELIEVE.

Obeys the higher law of love,
The spirit's longing call,
For, walking in this heavenly light,
Your hearts receive the truth aright,
The priceless pearl of inner sight,
The master key of all.

THE SUBCONSCIOUS MIND

[From Communication]

[EVER since Mr. T. J. Hudson wrote his "Law of Psychic Phenomena," and thereby made himself a bell-wether of the modern pseudo-psychologists, the "subconscious mind" has been worked three shifts daily by clergy, educators, writers and others. This gigantic "April Fool" of knowledge now receives fitting consideration at the hands of Mr. Higbee, whose autopsy should help diligent searchers pay their last respects to the overworked hypothesis that fails to explain the nature of mind. —THE EDITOR.]

A wonderful thing is the subconscious mind,
The key to all mystery not elsewhere defined—
Subliminal self, ofttimes it is termed,
Accounting for all that can't be confirmed
By reason or logic, or understood laws,
Whatever the question, whatever the cause,
A convenient excuse for denial of facts,
Your subconscious mind so peculiarly acts,
Neither science nor logic has a ghost of a show—
The dead return not, because, don't you know,
Your subconscious mind accounts for it all
Inherited knowledge ever since Adam's fall?
And so, when the medium says this or says that,
Your subconscious mind he's getting down "pat,"
And really and truly no one can conceive
The marvelous things you thus can achieve.
The medium's mission so strangely reveals
The mystery realm which nature conceals;
And when the dear voices of loved ones you greet,
'Tis but a delusion—a subconscious feat.
No matter how truly or well they relate
Matters of mem'ry, of fact, or of date
Of which you knew nothing and could not have
heard
The idea of spirits is simply absurd.
Your subliminal self before you were born
Knew all of these things, they sophistically warn.
It's all a delusion, of evil a snare—
'Tis the devil himself—beware, oh, beware!
You don't know your mother, you don't know your
child;
Keep away from it all and don't be beguiled.

In short, there is nothing in the heavens or earth
So queerly constructed since man had his birth.
It even pretends to account for your thought,
Or, if you DON'T think, then the thinking you
OUGHT

To be thinking, or shall be, or certainly will,
The subconscious mind accounts for it still.
And so, don't you see, you are smarter by far
In your subconscious mind than you REALLY ARE?
And if you were turned the other side out,
You'd know all creation, can there be any doubt?
If Eve hadn't eaten, who'd have opened our eyes?
We'd still have been living in fool's paradise!

SEQUEL TO "THE SUBCONSCIOUS MIND"

There is a subconscious, subliminal soul,
That makes man complete and dually whole,
We'll understand better when once "over there,"
With every advantage and all time to spare.
And all the impressions, undeveloped, unused,
Stored away in the dark and seeming confused,
Shall yet be revealed in the vision of life,
Untrammelled and free from illusion and strife.
A glorious blending of heaven and earth,
A true understanding of why we had birth—
Aye, this is the lesson the spirit world brings,
And down in your soul the undertone sings
Hosannas and praise that the mists clear away—
A new earth and new heaven behold ye today.
And if there's a heaven, where all souls persist,
The very same self over there to exist,
It follows as darkness must follow the day,
(For logic is logic—there's no other way)
That father and mother and dear baby boy
Will come with glad greetings to tell us their joy.
Yes, father and mother and sister and brother,
The dear wife and husband, the sweetheart and
lover—

All that we cherish in memory dear,
Will come with rejoicing our sad hearts to cheer.
Any theology promising less,
Fails in its mission to comfort and bless;
And the science denying is a sham and pretense—
Just use your own reason and plain common sense.
Truth is unfettered, and time nevermore
Shall limit the soul on that beautiful shore.

A CAMOUFLAGED RELIGION

A camouflaged religion is a very curious thing,
An apology for being one who uses reasoning—
Independent, honest thinking
For his guide along the way,
And is never tied to dogmas
Of a prehistoric day.

The World of Spirit calls you to assert your honored name,
Instead of camouflaging, and scoffers put to shame;
For the world is hungering, thirsting,
For a glimpse of heaven true—
Ev'ry Spiritualist medium
Has a blessed work to do.

You may call it psychologic, tweedledee or tweedle-
dum,
But 'tis better to be honest with your loved ones
when they come;
We're a family of spirits,
You and I as well as they;
Let us work and win together—
'Tis a blessed, blessed way.

Let us, then, with joy continue with our honored
name and place,
And away with camouflaging, for we're bound to
win the race!
Voices through the veil are calling,
Let your banner ne'er be furled—
Quit your foolish masquerading—
Truth shall conquer all the world.

For its rays so brightly shining, bringing hope and
joy to men,
Is the rainbow in the heavens which in beauty
glows again
With the promise of the Father
That the comforters are here—
They will lead us, they will bless us—
Guides and loved ones, all so dear.



“Wherefore, O King Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision.”—St. Paul.

GRATITUDE DAY

INSPIRER, LIZZIE DOTEN

IN the fulness of time the Nazarene came,
But His own received Him not—
A man of sorrows, acquainted with grief—
How sad was this medium's lot!
He was scorned and reviled, yea, crucified,
His followers put to shame,
But the truths that he taught shall ever prevail,
Though bigots may blindly disclaim.

In the fulness of time the sorrowing world
A new revelation received,
And many there were who perceived the light,
And many, rejoicing, believed.
But the orthhodox world, with sanctified mien,
Denying their own a place,
With their doctrines and creeds proceeded to show
To the devil these things we should trace.

And around their heaven they builded a wall,
And made it so high and so tight
You couldn't get in and you couldn't get out
Unless you extinguished your light.
'Cross the river of truth they constructed a dam
Beyond which you dare not to go.
For all information of the heavenly state
You have to ask THEM; they ONLY know.

Now the wall and the dam seemed effectual sure,
They'd builded so high and so well—
For heretic folly a warranted cure
To save the predestined from hell.
But people were thinking, and thinking how queer,
And thinking's a dangerous thing.
You mustn't use reason, but quaking in fear,
To the orthodox ladder must cling.

But despite all their damming and bigoted clack
The new revelation proved true,
And proved we had something that all others lack;
We weren't a GUESSING, we KNEW.
The veteran workers of pioneer days
Quick scattered the seed afar,
And said, "Let them have their high, holy fence,
We'll keep all the gateways ajar."

“St. Peter is needing a nice, little rest,
So long he has handled the keys;
We'll let the dear spirits come in and go out;
In fact, do just as they please.
Whenever they wish to visit old scenes
And talk to the children of earth,
They're just the same Betsey and John that they
were
Before they were given new birth.”

To all the old workers let homage be paid;
The fruits of their labors are ours;
Consecrated anew, raise the banner aloft,
Rejoice with the heavenly powers.
Persecuted and scorned, like the prophets of old,
They loyally stood for the right
Of worshipping God in spirit and truth,
Proclaiming the glorious light.
Though many dear workers have crossed “over
there,”
There are many who dwell with us here;
Let our gratitude, then, be shown to them now.
For their labors forever endear.
May the sunset of life with glory be crowned
In the joy of a task well done.
May our children grow up to loyally stand
For the work so grandly begun.

For rubies nor diamonds could ever repay
The blessings they gave to the world.
We pledge them anew our undying love;
Their banner shall never be furled,
But on and yet on to the infinite heights,
Where the beacons of victory shine,
We'll carry that banner proclaiming the truth,
Forever in progress divine.



OUR MILLENNIAL DAWN

“Oh, 'tis coming, yes, 'tis coming down the steeps
of time;
We are living, we are living in an age of truth
sublime.”
Wealth of heaven is outpouring in the message
sweet and true,

Comforting the weary millions with a broader,
grander view.

In your soul of souls you know it,
In your lives see that you show it;
Reach a hand to help a brother,
Lift the sister as your mother,
Lead them out of gloom and blindness,
For in daily deeds of kindness

Love of God is truly shown.

Yes, the dawn of heaven is nearer,
And the angel voices clearer,
And the cause we love is dearer

As we tread our daily rounds.

They are gathering, they are gathering in a **mighty**
allied host,

Superstition's legions making now their final boast
Shall be swept from power forever,
Not a sinner shall they roast.

For the heavenly glory shining
All around shall clear the way
For this blessed revelation,
For the rule of reason's sway.



***BROTHER M. G. YOUMANS**

A TRIBUTE

DEAR Brother Youmans, beloved of all,

A veteran tried and true,

Let all who have known thee in pioneer days

Glad join in this tribute to you.

Long before birth of the grand N. S. A.

Our standard you flung to the breeze,

Defying the hosts of bigotry's ranks,

Defying established decrees.

The vanguard of workers, thy comrades beloved,

Translated to homes "over there,"

Are watching and cheering thy faithful advance

And all of your victories share.

In the work for the truth and humanity's cause,

In brotherhood blessing the world,

Denouncing injustice of unrighteous laws,

Our colors you never have furled.

From Ohio valley, the home of your youth,
You've scattered the seed afar,
Triumphantly standing for our sacred truth
And justice that nothing shall bar.
Thy life is the story of trials and trust
In the progress of reason and right
'Gainst bigotry's minions whose blindness and
lust
Withholds from the masses the light.

A lesson to all in Spiritualist ranks
Your faith and your works have shown,
And beautiful flowers we bestow on you
From friends that you long have known.
A token of love that is justly your due
For your faithful and kindly way,
The smile and the word and the kindly deed
We give you our flowers today.

Over the hills from dear Summerland
Behold the beautiful glow,
For brighter the way to the nearing goal
And happier days you know.
May the joy of the angel world be yours,
Even now 'mid the cares of earth,
Before you shall lay all your burdens down
And rejoice in the spirit birth.

*Bro. Youmans reaches his 88th milestone September 1, 1921, and is still actively engaged in his work as expert engineer. Wide acquaintance with leading spiritualists of the land, and his indefatigable interest in the cause in Cincinnati and vicinity and elsewhere, has endeared him to a host of friends. He founded a great paper, "The Better Way," subsequently becoming "The Light of Truth," a weekly similar to "The Progressive Thinker," but which finally succumbed to the business pressure of the day for lack of material support.

Bro. Youmans' legal acumen, backed by the pertinacity of a Scotch-Welsh ancestry, has for years made him a valuable asset to our cause, compelling the respect of judges and courts in the defense of our mediums and the advocacy of discriminating justice.



If some folks were tongued-tied
What a blessing 'twould be.
Tell this to my neighbor,
But please excuse me!

I HEARS MY MAMMY CALLIN'

Oh, mammy, sho' I hears yo',
Hears yo' callin' me tonight—
Wants yo' chile to lisen,
Keep a walkin' in de light,
Min' yo' pra'rs an' keep a lisenen
For de voice ob Jesus Lamb;
He's de Lilly ob de Valley,
He's de Power ob all what am.

Doan' yo' tink bekase yo' lef' me
Yo' is gwine fergit to pray,
Kase I'se callin' yo,' my honey,
Keep a walkin' richeous way,
Jus' de same as when yo' mammy
Tol' yo' ob dat laddah bright
Jacob saw de angels climbin'
In dere robes ob hebenly white.

When de shadders gadder roun' yo',
An' yo' eyes dey fill wid tears,
Honey, chile, I's callin', callin'—
In de dahkness I appears,
Jes' de same as when yo' lef' me,
In de cohnah wid de Book,
But no moh I wipes mah glasses,
Nor wid dem I hab to look.

For my Jesus He am lightin'
All de way so shiny bright,
Honey, chile, yo' keep a lisenen,
Yo' is gwine receive yo' sight,
Yo' is gwine to know yo' mammy
Nebber leab yo' har alone—
Honey, chile, I lub yo', lub yo',
Honey, chile, my berry own.

In de great day dat am comin'
When we all togedder meets,
We shall walk in joy an' gladness
All aroun' de hebenly streets,
An' yo' mammy she will hol' yo'
Jus' de same, oh, honey chile,
An' we'll lib an' lib foreber
In de light ob Jesus' smile.

LET THERE BE LIGHT

(Gen. 1:3)

H. W. L., INSPIRER

And God said: "Let there be light, and there was light."

Sublime thought! It could have emanated from but one source—an inspired prophet medium.

IN the cosmos of creation,
In the universal all,
Through the law of evolution
Came the Master Spirit call.
Out of chaos sprang the planet
That we know as Mother Earth,
In its beauty and its grandeur,
Of the solar system birth.

Out of chaos, out of darkness,
Which was brooding over all,
Burst the light in dazzling brightness
At the Master Spirit's call.
From the womb of Nature's nursing,
Through her fixed, eternal laws,
Out of mystery and darkness,
Mandate of the primal cause.

Primal cause of all creation—
Darkness must precede the light—
Holy darkness of gestation,
Ere we may receive our sight.
Thus the law through endless ages
Worketh out creation's plan,
Thus mankind must struggle upward
Till empyrian heights we scan.

Through the wondrous law vibration,
In its harmony divine,
Man is lifted higher, higher,
Where the stars of glory shine.
Ever upward, ever onward,
In the course of reason's sway,
God is Spirit, and He leadeth
All His children into day.

Leadeth them in fields of beauty,
Ever turning toward the light,
More and more His truths revealing,
Giving grander, fuller sight.
Ae we gain a broader vision,
As the soul in joy expands,
We behold the heavenly gleaming,
More and more the soul demands.

Each new truth, in comprehending,
Leads us onward in the light,
Step by step the pathway climbing,
Reason guiding in the right.
In the fullness of fruition
Christ was born to show the way—
Evolution of the spirit
Ush'ring in a glorious day.

Other martyrs caught the vision,
Other martyr's ev'rywhere,
Burning brands of liberty,
Truths omnipotent declare.
Battled 'gainst the dire oppression
That the nations would enthrall,
Battled bravely for possession
Of this Master Key of all.

Then came other revelations,
Heaven's signals coming through,
To forsake old superstitions
And accept the good and true.
For the world is sorrowing, thirsting,
Struggling 'midst unrest and strife,
Pleading for this blessed knowledge,
Pleading for the bread of life.

Let the lower lights be burning,
Signals to the heights above;
Know no weakness, know no turning,
Build in harmony and love.
Wave the answer back to heaven,
"By Thy grace we will."
Angel powers, oh, guide and keep us;
We our mission must fulfill.

A LITTLE WHILE

*C. PAYSON LONGLEY (INSPIRER)

A Message to Mrs. Mary T. Longley

A LITTLE while I journeyed here
Before I crossed the bar
To dwell with loved ones evermore
Within the gates ajar.
A little while in darkness led,
Yet sweet the angel light
That comforted in wondrous ways
The precious inner sight.

CHORUS

A little while, a little while,
How swift the golden moments fly.
A little while, a little while
Before we all must say good-bye.

I come, I come, beloved one,
In joy so richly blest—
A joy beyond my fondest dreams
Or words have e'er expressed.
A little while, and not good-bye;
'Tis only, dear, good night.
How thin the veil between the worlds
Revealed in heaven's light.

Beloved one, of life a part;
Your inner consciousness
Is whispering from heart to heart
The love we would express.
A little while, a little while,
Then let us truly pray
That we may help our brother man
In kindness ev'ry day.

*Mrs. Longley wrote, acknowledging receipt of poem, and said: "I can readily accept the poem as from Mr. Longley's inspiration. It is so like some of his work. I thank you very, very much." It may be sung to No. 26 in "Longley's Beautiful Songs."



"Wherefore, brethren, covet to prophesy, and forbid not to speak with tongues."—I Cor. 14:39.

LINCOLN

Born February 12, 1809. Assassinated April
14, 1865

AS RUGGED in thy character
As rocks upon the mountain heights,
Immovable and firm as they,
You stood for God and human rights.
In times that tried men's hearts like fire
And tested courage to the core,
Thy one supreme, devout desire
That not man's will, but God's be done.

A grateful nation honors thee
And cherishes thy memory—
Example for her loyal sons
Of freedom's true democracy.
Nor North, nor South, nor East, or West
Shall claim thy sterling worth alone.
A citizen of wide domain,
Thy kingdom truly was thine own.

And brighter, as the years go by,
Thy star ascendant shines,
And generations rev'rence thee,
Thy nobleness enshrines.
Of God appointed for the need
Of that enshrouding hour,
Upheld by His omnipotence,
Example of His power.

Aye, counseled by the angel world,
You held the ship to steady course,
By rock and reef, through raging storm,
Assured of wisdom's rightful source.
Obeying angel messages,
Conserving best your country's good,
With courage of the martyr born,
Howe'er maligned, misunderstood.

And with a Christ-like kindness sought
The highest common good of all,
In consecration of thyself,
Whatever tragedy befall.
Aye, counted lightly life itself,

That Freedom's union should be saved,
For God and home, immovable,
You cruel wrong and insult braved.

Thine enemies were everywhere,
And slander's ever evil tongue
Assailed thy purposes and reign
Thy burdened heart so sadly wrung.
So pitiless, envenomed struck
Like daggers to thy loyal heart,
Yet 'midst it all, heroic soul,
You ne'er from justice dare depart.

But with a charity divine
To bitterest foe in need extend
The helping hand in sympathy
That makes him thine unswerving friend.
And looking back on that dark hour,
All people honor, love and bless
Thy wisdom of high courage born,
Thy wondrous, Christ-like tenderness.

We honor self in honoring thee,
Thou savior of our liberty.
As long as flies our starry flag,
Upheld, sustained by heaven's decree,
Shall patriot fires e'er loyal burn
And keep our souls fore'er aflame
To help humanity oppressed
And cherish Lincoln's glorious name.

LINCOLN

Verses (except the first and chorus) by
S. C. Higbee

In the hour of stress and peril
Lincoln steered our ship through strife,
Spoke the words that freed a people,
Gained the honor, gave his life.

CHORUS

Lincoln, brave and true, our hearts honor you.
Long wave the flag you loved,
Red, white and blue.

Toward none he would show malice,
Charity he asked for all,
Till at last the foe surrenders
To Old Glory's final call.

Angel hosts his prayer had answered
In the nation's darkest hour,
For to them he humbly listened,
Trusting in their loving power.

Oft today his spirit cheers us,
As we meet for highest good—
Comes to give us loving counsel,
For this truth he understood.



THANKSGIVING, 1919, SUGAR FAMINE TIME

J. W. RILEY, INSPIRER

ALONG about this time o' year
Thanksgiving comes with happy cheer,
And pumpkin pie an' uther things
We're fondest uv it alus brings.
Ol' Turkey Tom he struts aroun'
A darin' us to clip his crown,
But jest the same he meets his fate
And helps us all to celebrate.
And all these well-remembered joys
Are counted on by girls and boys.
But very sad this year 'twill be
(In this I know you'll all agree)
If there's no sugar to make sweet;
Then, mercy me! what shall we eat
No cookies hid behind the door
On which we stuffed till nary more
We could choke down; we couldn't bend,
And thus we knew we'd reached the end.
But now we've had our little fun,
Let's point the moral, then we're done.
If we would show true thankfulness
In loving deeds we should express
In making some one happier still
By gifts that show our real good will;
And if naught else you can bestow,
Let ev'ry one true kindness show,
And greet the world with cheery smile
That from all troubles shall beguile.

NATURE'S WOOING

J. W. R. (INSPIRER)

WHEN the dogwood is a blooming,
An' the swimmin' hole is ripe,
An' the apple blossoms nodding,
Then I love to take my pipe
An' my trusty fishing tackle,
With the wriggly angle bait,
Through the medders go a strolling,
With all Nature have a date.

An' you needn't watch my going;
'Tis a secret guarded well—
Jest a little private seance
All alone a little spell.
Heart to heart with Mother Nature,
Closer to the "over there,"
Heart to heart with Nature's wooing
In a secret, silent prayer.

In the secret of the silence
Voices come a-whispering,
And my soul is climbing higher
'Mid the growing rustling
Of the leaves and branches swaying
In the breezes soft and low,
For the voice of God is speaking
To our souls, His love to show.

So you needn't peek nor foller,
Fer I'd ruther be alone,
Jest a drinking in the sweetness
That all Nature will make known
If yer'll only stop an' listen
To the music of the wild,
Mother Nature'll plainly show you
That you're her beloved child.



THEN what's the use o' repining,
Your face as long as a rail?
The sun is always a-shining
Even behind the veil;
And when you're sad and weeping
You're weeping not alone,
You're mixing up connections—
The buzzer is on the phone.

COMPENSATION

*Written in honor of the Ordination of Rev. Sarah
Elizabeth Hugli, September 26, 1920

THERE'S a long, long trail awinding
From the mountains to the sea,
And all nature's wildest freedom
Ever, ever calleth thee.
To the scenes of early childhood,
Where the God of nature spoke
In a thousand tongues, revealing
Wondrous power that men invoke.

O the fragrance of the roses
And the flowers everywhere;
Though the years are speeding onward,
Yet your heart returneth there
To the scenes of early childhood,
To the cooling hillside spring,
To the rocky hills and woodland
And their righteous nourishing.

And of roses ever blooming
In the garden everywhere,
There was one wild rose surpassing
All the roses blooming there.
'Twas the father's little Sarah
Roaming happily and free;
Of the family of roses
E'er the happiest was she.

And the music, long forgotten,
Floating back o'er vanished years,
Like the absent friends returning,
Brings in memory happy tears.
Often in the twilight shadows
'Tis your father's voice you hear:
"Bless the Lord, I want to go there,"
In a minor sweet and clear.

"Bless the Lord, I want to go there,
Over on the golden shore;
Saints are shouting 'Glory! Glory!'
Over on the golden shore."
Till the very hour of passing
Each sang o'er the favorite hymn:
"Life boats coming to ferry me over,"
Sang the mother, eyes so dim.

And how often, O how often,
In the days that have gone by,
You have walked in tribulation
And have sadly wondered why
People brood in solemn blindness,
Turn aside in unbelief
Of God's ever-loving kindness,
Of His comfort for their grief.

But the Master walked in sorrow,
Trode the wine-press all alone;
Him we call our Elder Brother
Was forsaken by His own.
So the medium receiveth
With the roses many a thorn,
But the angel world rewardeth
In that radiant, happy morn.

But the roses and the wild flowers
Ever bloomed beside the door
Where your girlhood caught the vision
Of the beauteous, heavenly shore.
Though you knew not then the meaning,
Yet your very soul was stirred;
You beheld your angel mother
And the spirit voices heard.

Yet 'twas deemed a childish fancy,
And they made you sore afraid—
Set apart as one deluded,
Set apart and lonely made.
And you wondered why such strangeness:
'Twas the seed that must be sown—
Must be sown in many a heartache
That the world the truth be shown.

Many tears and many sorrows
Ere the dawning of the day
When the spirit world revealing
Wondrous purposes and way,
Tuned your heart to glad rejoicing
In this work so blessed, true,
Tuned your heart to glad rejoicing
In the work they had for you.

Working for the world in sorrow
In this truth so comforting,

Showing them the glad tomorrow
In the message angels bring
That our loved in joy are living
Over on the golden shore,
Whence they come to bless and guide **you**,
Ever loving more and more.

Thus the spirit world its message
In this grand salvation plan
Chooses wisely ev'ry worker
To reveal the truth to man.
Happy they who catch the vision,
Life's true purpose to behold,
Happy they who catch the meaning
Of the beauties that unfold.

So the long, long trail awinding
Had a destined end in view,
And the mission of the angels
Is this day revealed to you.
In this sacred hour's fruition
In your holy purpose vow,
And the flowers in beauteous laurels
Angels place upon your brow.

Go ye forth, the truth proclaiming,
For the harvest fields are white;
All the world is hungering, thirsting,
To receive this blessed light.
Truly ye are God's co-workers,
And the workers are so few
Let none waver, let none falter,
There is work for all to do.

When at last thy mortal vision
Shall behold the gates ajar,
And thy loved so gladly beckon,
Beckon thee across the bar,
Thou shalt go with soul exultant,
Not afraid and not alone;
Thou shalt go, in love rejoicing,
To the land thou long hast **known**.

*The author gives this poem, in honor of his pastor and teacher, as a tribute to her untiring work for the cause. It is typical of the trials and lessons all medium must experience, and typical, also, of much of the author's work in message poems for friends or for special occasions. Inspirer, H. W. L.

**Mrs. Hugi's maiden name was Sarah Rose.

THERE'LL BE NO DARK VALLEY

Air: "There'll Be No Dark Valley When Jesus Comes."—Hallowed Hymns

THERE'LL be no dark valley when I'm called to go,
There'll be no dark valley, for the way I know,
There'll be no dark valley when I'm called to go,
For angels will carry me home,
Carry me home, carry me home,
Yes, angels will carry me home over there;
There'll be no dark valley when I'm called to go,
For angels will carry me home.

There'll be no dark valley, but a pathway of light,
There'll be no dark valley, but visions so bright,
There'll be no dark valley, but a pathway of light,
For angels will carry me home,

There'll be no dark valley, but life evermore,
O tell the glad story, tell it o'er and o'er;
There'll be no dark valley, but life evermore,
For angels will carry me home.

There'll be no dark valley, O rejoice and sing
For the blessed message that our loved ones bring,
There'll be no dark valley, O rejoice and sing,
For angels will carry me home.



INVOCATION

OH, Keeper of the Gates of Life,
The Oversoul of all,
Who hearest e'en the humblest cry
And marks the sparrow's fall,
Oh, loved ones dwelling over there
With spirits of the blest,
Attune our hearts in unison
And give our souls sweet rest.
Lead us in paths of pleasantness,
In ways of truest peace—
A peace above this world of strife,
Whose joys shall e'er increase;
And as we walk in knowledge blest
Oh, may our light so shine
Our brother man it shall uplift
And glow in truth divine. Amen.

THE WHISPERS OF ANGELS

BY MARY T. LONGLEY

[Written for the Banner of Light]

WHEN the cares of day are pressing
On the aching, weary heart,
And there comes no gleam of comfort
To relieve the burning smart;
When the soul grows faint within us,
O'er the path our feet must go,
And we see not for the darkness
Veiling everything below;

Then a gentle, subtle whisper,
Stealing through the purple gloom,
Sends a ray of golden glory
Through our lonely, quiet room;
Tender voices in the twilight,
Coming from no lips we see,
Speak in loving, joyful accents
Of the life that's yet to be.

Whispering voices, full of sweetness
Caught from heavenly worlds above,
Murmur to our souls in prison
Tidings of our Father's love
Which enfolds each human spirit,
Howsoever worn and weak;
And they bid us find His mansions,
And His holy kingdom seek.

When the heart is nearly broken
At the thought of loved ones lost—
They who reached death's rolling river
And in snowy shallops crossed;
Tiny faces full of sweetness,
Youthful forms replete with grace,
And those aged, weary pilgrims,
Missed from their accustomed place;

Oh, the tender recollections
Of those loved ones gone before,
Fill the soul with restless longing
To behold their forms once more!
Then the tender, loving voices
Of the angels whisper clear:
"All your dear ones have not left you,
But are close beside you here."

In the hour of pain and anguish
In the time of human need,
When the soul becomes responsive
To the guides that heavenward lead,
Then the whispering tones of angels
Float upon our mortal ear,
And the souls of dear departed
Point us to the heavenly sphere.



BEAUTY

BY MARY T. LONGLEY

Not the blushes softly lying
On a dainty, rounded face;
Nor a matchless form, outvying
E'en a statue's marble grace;
Not the rosy lips that cover
Tiny teeth like priceless pearls;
Not the golden shades that hover
O'er a head of clustering curls;

Not the slender, tapering fingers,
Nor the faultless, snowy skin,
Nor the dimple small that lingers
In a dainty, arching chin;
Not the light that swiftly flashes
In the brown or azure eyes,
Nor their gold or jetty lashes,
Are the beauties that I prize:

But the soul, divine and tender,
Shining through the starry eyes,
And the love-light's golden splendor
In their depths that calmly lies,
And the friendship, pure and holy,
Shining from a noble face;
They who loved the poor and lowly
Bear a form of heavenly grace.

And the light of calm-eyed reason,
Resting on a lofty brow,
With the glorious star of wisdom
Shining on them even now;
Smiles of true and sweet affection,
Hov'ring over ruby lips;
Words of kindness, gently spoken,
Other beauties all eclipse.

Not external signs of beauty—
Those may die and fade away—
But the loveliness of spirit
That remains through endless day;
Tender words and fond caressings,
Honest love that never dies,
Genial smiles and holy blessings—
THESE are beauties all may prize.



“IF”

BY B. F. AUSTIN

If I can throw a single ray of light
Across the darkened pathway of another;
If I can aid some soul to clearer sight
Of life and duty, and thus bless my brother;
If I can wipe from any human cheek a tear,
I shall not then have lived in vain while here.

If I can guide some erring one to truth,
Inspire within his heart a sense of duty;
If I can plant within the soul of youth
A sense of right, a love of truth and beauty;
If I can teach one man that God and heaven are
near,
I shall not then have lived in vain while here.

If from my mind I banish doubt and fear,
And keep my life attuned to love and kindness;
If I can scatter light and hope and cheer,
And help remove the curse of mental blindness;
If I can make more joy, more hope, less pain,
I shall not then have lived and loved in vain.

If by life's roadside I can plant a tree,
Beneath whose shade some wearied head may
rest;
Though I may never share its shade, or see
Its beauty, I shall yet be truly blest—
Though no one knows my name, nor drops a flower
on my bier,
I shall not then have lived in vain while here.



“KNOWING” people make ignorant assertions;
fair-minded people honestly investigate.

LITTLE THELMA'S MESSAGE

OH, mamma, dear, please do not cry,
Your little girlie's here,
Because, you know, we never die—
It's just another sphere
In which we live and move and act,
So happy and so free.
Our world is just as real in fact
As yours could ever be.

And when you all stood round the bed
In tears to see me go,
I wondered it was all so dread,
And why you didn't know
That I was only going where
'Twas beauty, life and light,
And though a little while 'twas dark,
It soon was very bright.

And when at last I stood released
From trouble, pain and fear,
I would your sobbing could have ceased,
I stood so very near—
So very near in shining white,
And kissed you o'er and o'er,
You could not see me, though so bright,
Far prettier than before.

I seemed to wear my nightie dress
Just covering up my feet,
In which you hugged me to your breast
And said I looked so sweet.
For we have bodies over here,
The same as you below;
Why should it seem so strangs and queer?
That's what I'd like to know.

I always had this spirit, too,
Within its shiny dress;
They only took the outside off
And left me this, I guess.
It's just as nice as nice can be,
I've pretty dresses, too;
I only wish that you could see,
I know 'twould comfort you.

And so I tell this poet man
To try to make it plain,
Your little girlie's glad she can
Come back to you again.
I come, I come, oh, mamma dear,
This happy Christmas time,
To bring you joy and happy cheer
And give my gift in rhyme.



OUR MEDIUMS

OH, heralds of the angel world,
Ye messengers of light,
Glad greetings from your spirit friends
Who gather here tonight.
Thine is a mission ever blest
To bring the world good cheer,
And more and more, as years go by,
Your labors shall endear.

Sometimes, with weariness oppressed,
The way seems hard and long,
Yet through your lives are others blessed,
Lift up your hearts in song.
Thy Elder Brother travailed thus,
And suffered many things,
But oh, the wondrous happiness
Thy mission ever brings!

For joy and peace are given us
Not as the world doth give;
We've overcome in victory,
And know we ever live,
And that the fruits of righteousness
Shall bloom as roses fair.
We're building for eternity—
We're building "over there."

Where all the joys of paradise
In beauty shall unfold.
Oh, brother, sister, life your eyes,
The heavenly heights behold.
This is the spirit's recompense
For duty truly done—
The crowning of your faithfulness,
Your home of joy you've won.

TO MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND

BY S. C. HIGBEE FOR ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

O HERALD of the angel world
Whose pennant proudly flies
A challenge to the scoffing ones,
And bigotry defies.
Whose barque has sailed the troubled seas
For lo! these many years
And flung our banner to the breeze
For all that truth endears.

To thee, brave messenger of love,
Who blazed a fearless trail
For sorrowing hearts to heights above,
Whose mountain tops we scale,
And view the blessed Summerland
In radiant beauty drest—
A reunited, happy band
Our heaven now possessed.

Our loving tribute would we bring
In which we all must share—
The sweetest angel whisperings
That heaven's joys declare.
While those who dwell on earthly plane
Rejoice with you and sing
In triumph o'er and o'er again,
O death, where is thy sting?

Philosophy and science yield
To angel ministry,
And bigotry is far afield,
Bewildered sophistry,
Nor knows which way to turn at last,
Nor truth shall dare belie
With credal dogmas of the past,
For REASON answers WHY.

Brave pioneer of strenuous days,
We bring thee fairest flowers,
And gladly give our meed of praise
In these, thy sunset hours;
While angels gather ever near,
With garlands deck thy brow,
In recompense for labors done—
A glimpse of heaven now.

And when, at last, the gates ajar,
Your spirit beckons o'er,
And you shall cross the shining bar
To dear ones gone before,
We pledge thee loving loyalty
To "carry on" the cause
That blesses all humanity
Through Nature's righteous laws.



DEHORNING THE DEVIL

LIZZIE DOTEN, INSPIRER

DEHORNING the devil! Well, what do you think,
Theology's scarecrow we've put on the blink."
For brimstone and sulphur we've no further use,
Humanity's rescued from Satan's abuse.
His majesty's exit was one of degrees—
From dogmas and creeds and papal decrees,
No longer his menace the pulpit supplies,
With camouflaged virtue for mythical lies.

The preacher who preaches as preachers should
preach,
And teachers who teach as teachers should teach,
Have abandoned the devil in salvation's plan
And substitute sweetly God's goodness to man—
The popular route to a haven of bliss
The golden rule guides while living in this.
Religion that's pure is shown by your deeds,
And not in the mumbling of dogmas and creeds.

You piously pray for deliverance from sin
You never committed, without or within,
And ask that another your burden shall bear,
Which reason must tell you is surely unfair.
Immutable law must value at par,
It can not and does not exempt from the bar
Of justice and reason your soul or mine.
This is the law of the Father divine:

From ignorance, ridicule, doubting and fear
And all superstition strive to keep clear.
Humanity freed is claiming her rights,
We're blazing a pathway to heavenly heights;
The world is our country in true brotherhood
But one key to heaven, it is simply "do good."

THE CHEMISTRY OF CHARACTER

LIZZIE DOTEN

JOHN, and Peter, and Robert, and Paul,
God in his wisdom created them all.
John was a statesman, and Peter a slave,
Robert a preacher, and Paul—was a knave.
Evil or good as the case might be,
White or colored, or bond, or free—
John, and Peter, and Robert, and Paul,
God in his wisdom created them all.

Out of earth's elements, mingled with flame,
Out of life's compounds of glory and shame,
Fashioned and shaped by no will of their own,
And helplessly into life's history thrown;
Born by the law that compels men to be,
Born to conditions they could not foresee,
John, and Peter, and Robert, and Paul,
God in his wisdom created them all.

John was the head and heart of his State,
Was trusted and honored, was noble and great.
Peter was made 'neath life's burdens to groan,
And never once dreamed that his soul was his own.
Robert great glory and honor received,
For zealously preaching what no one believed;
While Paul, of the pleasures of sin took his fill,
And gave up his life to the service of ill.

It chanced that these men, in their passing away
From earth and its conflicts, all died the same day.
John was mourned through the length and the
breadth of the land—
Peter fell 'neath the lash in a merciless hand—
Robert died with the praise of the Lord on his
tongue—
While Paul was convicted of murder and hung.
John, and Peter, and Robert, and Paul,
The purpose of life was fulfilled in them all.

Men said of the Statesman—"How noble and
brave!"
But of Peter, alas!—"he was only a Slave."
Of Robert—" 'Tis well with his soul—it is well;"
While Paul they consigned to the torments of hell.
Born by one law through all Nature the same,

WHAT made them differ and WHO was to blame?
John, and Peter, and Robert, and Paul,
God in his wisdom created them all.

Out in that region of infinite light,
Where the soul of the black man is pure as the
white—

Out where the spirit, through sorrow made wise,
No longer resorts to deception and lies—

Out where the flesh can no longer control
The freedom and faith of the God-given soul—
Who shall determine what change may befall
John, and Peter, and Robert, and Paul?

John may in wisdom and goodness increase—

Peter rejoice in an infinite peace—

Robert may learn that the truths of the Lord
Are more in the spirit and less in the word—

And Paul may be blest with a holier birth
Than the passions of man had allowed him on
earth.

John, and Peter, and Robert, and Paul,
God in his wisdom will care for them all.



THE SPIRIT OF NATURE

LIZZIE DOTEN

"The bond which unites the human to the divine is Love, and Love is the longing of the Soul for Beauty; the inextinguishable desire which like feels for like, which the divinity within us feels for the divinity revealed to us in Beauty. Beauty is Truth."—Plato.

I HAVE come from the heart of all natural things,
Whose life from the Soul of the Beautiful springs;
You shall hear the sweet waving of corn in my voice,
And the musical whisper of leaves that reoice,
For my lips have been touched by the spirit of prayer,
Which lingers unseen in the soft summer air;
And the smile of the sunshine that brightens the
skies,

Hath left a glad ray of its light in my eyes.

On the sea-beaten shore—'mid the dwellings of men—
In the field, or the forest, or wild mountain glen;
Wherever the grass or a daisy could spring,
Or the musical laughter of childhood could ring;
Wherever a swallow could build 'neath the eaves,
Or a squirrel could hide in his covert of leaves,

I have felt the sweet presence, and heard the low call,
Of the Spirit of Nature, which quickens us all.

Grown weary and worn with the conflict of creeds,
I had sought a new faith for the soul with its needs,
When the love of the Beautiful guided my feet
Through a leafy arcade to a sylvan retreat,
Where the oriole sung in the branches above,
And the wild roses burned with their blushes of love,
And the purple-fringed aster, and bright golden-rod,
Like jewels of beauty adorned the green sod.

O, how blessed to feel from the care-laden heart
All the sorrows and woes that oppressed it depart,
And to lay the tired head, with its achings, to rest
On the heart of all others that loves it the best;
O, thus is it ever, when, wearied, we yearn
To the bosom of Nature and Truth to return,
And life blossoms forth into beauty anew,
As we learn to repose in the Simple and True.

No longer with self or with Nature at strife,
The soul feels the presence of Infinite Life;
And the voice of a child, or the hum of a bee—
The somnolent roll of the deep-heaving sea—
The mountains uprising in grandeur and might—
The stars that look forth from the depths of the
night—

All speak in one language, persuasive and clear,
To him who in spirit is waiting to hear.

There is something in Nature beyond our control,
That is tenderly winning the love of each soul;
We shall linger no longer in darkness and doubt,
When the Beauty within meets the Beauty without.
Sweet Spirit of Nature! wherever thou art,
O, fold us like children, close, close to thy heart;
Till we learn that thy bosom is Truth's hallowed
shrine,
And the Soul of the Beautiful is—the Divine.



Love one another and work hand in hand,
Work all together in a true, loving band;
Stand for the blessed truth your mission to fulfill,
Love your neighbor as yourself and show your
good will.

—Air: Chorus of "Pull for the Shore."

PETER McGUIRE; OR, NATURE AND GRACE

LIZZIE DOTEN

It has always been thought a most critical case,
When a man was possessed of more Nature than
Grace;

For Theology teaches that man from the first
Was a sinner by Nature, and justly accurst;
And "Salvation by Grace" was the wonderful plan,
Which God had invented to save erring man.
'Twas the only atonement he knew how to make,
To annul the effects of his own sad mistake.

Now this was the doctrine of good Parson Brown,
Who preached, not long since, in a small country
town.

He was zealous, and earnest, and could so excel
In describing the tortures of sinners in Hell,
That a famous revival commenced in the place,
And hundreds of souls found "Salvation by Grace";
But he felt that he had not attained his desire,
Till he had converted one Peter McGuire.

This man was a blacksmith, frank, fearless and bold,
With great brawny sinews like Vulcan of old;
He had little respect for what ministers preach,
And sometimes was very profane in his speech.
His opinions were founded in clear common sense,
And he spoke as he thought, though he oft gave
offense;

But however wanting, in whole or in part,
He was sound, and all right, when you came to his
heart.

One day the good parson, with pious intent,
To the smithy of Peter most hopefully went;
And there, while the hammer industriously swung,
He preached, and he prayed, and exhorted, and sung,
And warned, and entreated poor Peter to fly
From the pit of destruction before he should die;
Peter swore "like a Pirate," and what do you think?
From a little black bottle took something to drink!

Quick out of the smithy the minister fled,
As if a big bomb-shell had burst near his head;
And as he continued to haste on his way,
He was too much excited to sing or to pray;
But he thought how that some were elected by Grace,

As heirs of the kingdom—made sure of their place—
While others were doomed to the pains of Hell-fire,
And if e'er there was *one* such, 'twas Peter McGuire.

That night, when the Storm King was riding on high,
And the red shafts of lightning gleamed bright
through the sky,
The church of the village, "the Temple of God,"
Was struck, for the want of a good lightning rod,
And swiftly descending, the element dire
Set the minister's house, close beside it, on fire,
While he peacefully slumbered, with never a fear
Of the terrible work of destruction so near.

There were Mary, and Hannah, and Tommy, and Joe,
All sweetly asleep in the bedroom below,
While their father was near, with their mother at rest,
(Like the wife of John Rogers with "one at the
breast.")

But Alice, the eldest, a gentle young dove,
Was asleep all alone, in the room just above;
And when the wild cry of the rescuer came,
She only was left to the pitiless flame.

The fond mother counted her treasures of love,
When lo! one was missing—"O Father above!"
How madly she shrieked in her agony wild—
"My Alice! My Alice! O, save my dear child!"
Then down on his knees fell the Parson, and
prayed

That the terrible wrath of the Lord might be stayed.
Said Peter McGuire, "Prayer is good in its place,
But then it don't suit *this* particular case."

He turned down the sleeves of his red flannel shirt,
To shield his great arms all besmattered with dirt;
Then into the billows of smoke and of fire,
Not pausing an instant, dashed Peter McGuire.
O, that terrible moment of anxious suspense!
How breathless their watching! their fear how in-
tense!

And then their great joy! which was freely expressed
When Peter appeared with the child on his breast.

A shout rent the air when the darling he laid
In the arms of her mother, so pale and dismayed;
And as Alice looked up and most gratefully smiled,
He bowed down his head and he wept like a child.

O, those tears of brave manhood that rained o'er
his face,
Showed the true Grace of Nature, and the Nature
of Grace;

'Twas a manifest token, a visible sign,
Of the indwelling life of the Spirit Divine.

Consider such natures, and then, if you can,
Preach of "total depravity" innate in man.
Talk of blasphemy! why, 'tis profanity wild!
To say that the Father thus cursed his own child.
Go learn of the stars, and the dew-spangled sod,
That all things rejoice in the *goodness* of God —
That each thing created is good *in its place*,
And Nature is but the *expression* of Grace.



THROW OUT THE LIFE LINE

THROW out the life line across the dark wave,
Oh, tell the glad story from sorrow to save.
Our loved ones are with us to bless ev'ry day,
To bring sweetest comfort in hope's brightest ray.

CHORUS:

Throw out the life line,
Throw out the life line
 To some one in sorrow today.
Throw out the life line,
Throw out the life line,
 Angels are round us alway.

Throw out the life line, oh, be not dismayed
Tho' scoffers may jeer you, oh, be not afraid.
We have a message the sad world must hear—
The message of love from the bright angel sphere.

CHORUS:

Throw out the life line of kind thoughts for all,
And angels shall hasten to answer the call—
To carry the message wherever you send,
The sweetest of blessings to loved ones or friend.

Throw out the life line, to duty be true;
The world is awaiting this message from you.
Oh, glorious victory, heaven is ours!
Sing hallelujah with the dear angel powers.

FRAE RHYMING ROBIN

LIZZIE DOTEN

The following poem was given under the inspiration of Robert Burns, at the close of a lecture on "The Immaculate Conception."

GUID FRIENDS:

I WILL na' weave my rhymes tonight
In winsome measure,
Or strive your fancies to delight
Wi' songs o' pleasure;
But gin* ye hae na' heard too much
O' solemn preachin',
I'll gie ye just anither touch
O' useful teachin'.

But, aiblins,† when ye hear my verse,
Ye may be thinkin'
That I hae sunk frae bad to warse,
And still am sinkin';
But though I seem to fa' from grace,
In man's opinion,
Auld Hornie ne'er will see my face
In his dominion.

An unco* change will come, ere lang,
O'er all your dreamin',
And ye shall see that right and wrang
Are much in seemin'.
Man shall na' langer perjure love,
Nor think it treason
Anent the mighty King above,
To use his reason.

Ay, love and nature, frae the first,
Hae been perverted,
And man, frae Adam, will be cursed,
Till he's converted;
For Nature will avenge her cause
On ilka‡ creature,
Who will na' take her. wi' her laws,
For guide and teacher.

Auld Custom is a sleekit§ saint,
And sae is Fashion,
And baith will watch till sinners faint,
To lay the lash on;

*If.

†Perhaps.

Men follow them wi' ane accord,
Led by their noses,
Because they cry, "Thus saith the Lord,
The God o' Moses."

The time will come when man will ken
God's word far better;
He'll live mair in the spirit then,
Less in the letter;
And that which man ance called impure,
Through partial seein',
He'll find for it baith cause and cure,
In his ain bein'.

Man needna' gae to auld lang syne
For truth to guide him,
For if he seeks, he sure will fin'
Truth close beside him.
Each gowan! is ordained o' grace
To be his teacher,
And ilka toddlin' weanie's† face
Is text and preacher.

Man was na' born a child o' hell
Frae his creation:
The love that made him will itsel'
Be his salvation.
Each child that's born o' perfect love
Can be man's saviour:
Love is his warrant frae above,
For guid behavior.

His mither may be high or low,
A Miss or Madam;
The God within him will outgrow
The sin o' Adam;
His only bed may be the earth,
His hame a shealin';*
It will na' change his real worth,
Or inward feelin'

Though born beneath the Church's ban,
Or man's displeasure,
He will na' be the less a man
In mind or measure.
God's image, stamped upon his brow,
Is his defender,

*Very great. †Against. ‡Every. §Cunning.
*Daisy. †Each tottering child.

And makes him—as ye hae it now—
“Guid legal tender.”

But ilka child that's born o' hate—
However lawful—
Will be the victim, sune or late,
O' passions awful;
Will hirple† o'er the ways o' life,
Wi' friends scarce ony,
And in the dour‡ warld's angry strife,
Find faes full mony.

The Power aboon, sae kind and guid,
Who ever sees us,
Will gie to men, whene'er they need,
A John or Jesus.
The sin o' Adam will na' cause
His love to vary,
Nor need he change creation's laws*
To form a Mary.

Man's sympathies must largely share
In what is human,
And he will love the truth the mair,
That's born o' woman.
The De'il himsel', at last, through love
Will be converted,
And, reckoned wi' the saunts above,
Leave hell deserted.

The One who laid Creation's plan
Knows how to end it,
Nor need he ever call on man
To help him mend it.
Then, syne† this Being is your friend.
And man your brither,
Gae on rejoicing to the end,
Wi' ane anither.

*Referring to the dogma of the Immaculate Conception.

*Humble cot. †Walk crazily. ‡Contrary.

†Since.



“I do not ask for easy task,
I crave not fame or power;
I ask to serve humanity
In mankind's darkest hour.”

—[James McGregor Beatty, in *Pesky Problems*.]

EVERMORE

[This poem has been in our possession in manuscript for over forty years. In some few places we have been obliged to supply a word or line to preserve the obvious intent of the author, whose identity is unknown to us, though supposedly being Lizzie Doten.]

Ne plus ultra, the bigot may say,
As he hugs his old creed and pursues his old way,
Shutting his eyes to the light divine
That ever has shone and ever will shine
For all who have eyes to behold the light
And hearts to receive the truth aright.
For in Nature's vast, inexhaustible store
There is more beyond, still more, evermore.

Could we fathom the sea and its depths explore,
Could we grasp the whole of its bounteous store,
Could we trace the deep to its secret springs
And know all the hidden and beautiful things
That lie concealed in the depths below
Where the pearl and the forest coral grow,
And the myriad, myriad living forms
That everywhere in its bosom swarms—
The countless tribes that have lived and died
In the ebb and flow of its ceaseless tide,
Still, a voice would answer from shore to shore,
There is more beyond, still more, evermore.

Could we interpret the hieroglyphs
Engraved by science on the rocky cliffs,
Could we read engraved on the earth's broad page
The historic record of each past age,
And trace the relics of monsters vast,
The saurian tribes of the old, old past,
Whose skeleton forms in the rocks reside,
And we only know that they lived and died
As links in Nature's stupendous plan
Before the earth was prepared for man,
Still further yet would the mind explore
Far more beyond—still more—evermore.

On a cloudless night when we look above
Where the stars in harmonious order move—
Those glittering gems in the crown of night
Ever shining on in their living light,
Forever running their endless race
Through the boundless realms of infinite space.

Could we know their names, and that every one
Of those countless orbs was the central sun
Of a system of worlds as bright and fair
As our own dear world and the planets are;
And could we know that those worlds immense
Were the happy homes of intelligence,
Still higher yet would the spirit soar,
Finding more beyond, still more—evermore.

If the infinite universe could be explored
And the boundless wealth in its bosom stored.
Through all past ages to light be brought
The infinite treasures of mind and thought.
Could we grasp *all* its beautiful mysteries
And know what intelligence really is;
Could we fathom its depths and explore its laws
And rise from effects to the highest cause,
Still more, still more would the soul demand,
For with each new truth would its powers expand,
And higher still have strength to soar,
Finding more beyond, evermore, still more.

If our spirits' depths we could fully sound
What infinite treasures would there be found,
What powers and capacities lie concealed
Still undeveloped and unrevealed,
To ourselves unknown, like the innate spark
Which the flint conceals in its bosom dark.
Could we raise the veil of material sense
And see our own spirit's omnipotence,
We should know that when perfect and undefiled
It is truly the Infinite Father's child.
And claims, by right of its royal birth,
The right to all truth in heaven or earth.
Ever upward and onward no power shall bind
Or limit the scope of the infinite mind.
Forever thus would the spirit soar,
Finding more beyond—still more—*evermore*.



DOES your life seem dreary and the way so long?
Are your burdens heavy 'mid the joyous throng?
Clear the darkened windows, open wide the door,
Let a little sunshine in.

WHO'S A RAPPING?

[Recitation for three little girls]

IN eighteen hundred and forty-eight,
In Hydesville there occurred
The wondrous phenomena
Of which you all have heard.
Three little sisters living there,
Three little Foxes dear,
Heard raps and taps where'er they went,
And thought it very queer,

Until at last one little Fox
Said very saucily,
"What do you rappers want of us,
And can you talk to me?"
Three raps like this . . . shall stand for yes,
One rap . shall stand for no,
And if you do not understand
Two raps . . will tell us so.

Whoe'er you are, I dare you now,
As I my fingers snap,
Are you a spirit in unrest?
If so, let's hear you rap."
Quick as a flash the raps were heard . . .
The challenge to defy,
And thus began the signal code
Between the earth and sky.

The signal that has spanned the way
Across the dark abyss
That links us with the spirit world
And turns our faith to bliss.
Because we know where loved ones go;
Their loving spirits dwell
Not in some heaven far away,
Of which the preachers tell,

But round about and with us still
To bless us every day.
They hear me as I talk to you,
They hear me when I pray.
And living in this consciousness
All life is glorified,
We've built a ladder to the skies,
And with our loved abide.

OUR PATRIOT HOSTS

ALL honor to the boys in blue
Who fought in sixty-one,
For deeds of glorious bravery
And victories hard won.
On fame's immortal, cherished scroll
Their names emblazoned stand,
Forever to be revered
By our united land.

As one by one they're laid to rest
Beneath the daisies fair,
Their souls go marching onward still,
Rejoicing "over there;"
And they a happy greeting give,
Each comrade on the roll
Who answers the supreme command
In the land of light and soul.

No brother shall be missing there
In the final muster out,
As, rallying to the colors loved,
They glad hosannas shout.
And God shall judge them righteously;
No greater love men show
Than for the sake of brotherhood
Even life they would bestow.

Another patriot army clad
In uniforms of brown,
In foreign lands afar has won
Most glorious renown.
We lift our hearts to honor them,
This tramping khaki host,
Who got the Kaiser's number quick
And called his blatant boast.

Another G. A. R. behold!
Shall proudly march today
To reinforce the veterans
Whose banners lead the way.
Then greet the marching columns all
With one tumultuous cheer;
Heroic deeds of bravery
Forever shall endear.

And mothers, sisters, sweethearts, too,
Deserve no lesser praise
For loyal, true devotion shown
Through those heartrending days.
Through strength of their besieging prayer
The foe was backward hurled,
The hand that rocks the cradle STILL
The hand that rocks the world.

And as our boys go marching all
With flying colors by,
We bare our heads in reverence
While tears must dim the eye
For all who made the sacrifice,
Whose forms beneath the sod
Are moldering into dust again,
Whose souls are with their God.

Yet they are marching side by side
With comrades as of yore—
The spirit forms of loyal hosts
Who dwell on heaven's shore.
And they whose eyes behold the light
Of truth's divinest ray
Shall see them as they glad salute
Their friends along the way.



GRACE

Air: "Sweet Home."

Our Father in heaven, how precious Thy care,
Thy multiplied blessings we daily do share,
Thou sendest our loved ones from homes over there,
They're ever around us—there's no vacant chair.
O give to us daily our portion of bread;
It is from Thy bounty that all must be fed;
And keep us in peace, from all dangers free,
And may our lives truly glorify Thee.

THE CRAZY SPIRITUALIST

INSPIRER, LIZZIE DOTEN

I AM a crazy Spiritualist,
As crazy, as you'll find,
I've been so crazy many years
Of course I've lost my mind.
I am a crazy medium
Beyond all hope of cure;
I'm crazy for the messages,
And so I'm lost for sure.

I love to hear from my dear friends
Who've crossed the shining bar,
Who tell me of the heavenly home
Within the gates ajar,
Who come to cheer my journey here
With messages so sweet,
And tell of love with them above
When I in joy shall greet.

I am so glad to learn the way
Through pearly portals fair
And learn about the Summerland
Whose glories I shall share.
I'm crazy, too, to tell you all
How happy is the way,
As hand in hand we journey on
With angels day by day.

And if it is the devil's work,
I'm crazy, I presume,
Because I'm thinking for myself,
And do not once assume
Because the prophets long ago
Said certain things must be—
That they knew all there is to know,
And so must think for me.

Now which is crazier, do you think,
The man who PROVES the WORD,
Or he who swallows EVERYTHING,
No matter how absurd?
And tells how Jonah lived three days
Within a whale's boudoir,
And made the fish so deathly sick
He spewed him out, begor!

And that the sun for Joshua
 Stood still a little while
To help the army slaughter more
 And make Jehovah smile.
And that the manna fell from heaven
 To feed the multitude—
A very gracious theory
 If only understood.

And how Elijah by the brook
 Was by the ravens fed;
According to the word of God
 They brought him meat and bread
To prove before the multitude
 He was a prophet true—
You all accept the miracle,
 However hard to do.

And how the fire from heaven fell
 And made an altar fire,
Consuming e'en the very rocks
 To prove the Lord's desire.
The trenches filled with water, too,
 In flame were set ablaze—
A physical phenomenon
 Of very striking phase.

And Daniel in the lion's den
 Without a thought of fear,
And Paul and Silas shut up tight;
 It seems a little queer
How they escaped by angel aid,
 And yet 'tis all believed.
But when we show the psychic law,
 Of course we are deceived.

And there's a story Biblical
 About one Balaam man
Who had a certain animal
 (Unlike our Mary's lamb)
That spake unto her master, sir,
 With a reproving bray
Because she thrice had turned aside
 To go some other way.

And saved her master from the sword
 The angel held upraised;

She was a SEEING medium,
A female to be praised.
Quite like our modern Spiritualists,
Who through the self-same laws
Relate their strange experiences
And try to show the cause.

Then Balaam's eyes were opened, too,
And he was sore afraid,
And promised to be awful good
And mend mistakes he'd made.
And thus the lesson we should heed,
The truth as plain as day,
That animals can see and hear
The spirits by the way.

We can not well enumerate
All inconsistencies,
But who would dare to crazy call,
E'en though he disagrees
And thinks it very strange indeed
That things could happen thus,
Although of course the Bible times
Look different to us.

I am a CRAZY SPIRITUALIST,
The TRUTH has made me free;
Nor any dogma, plan or creed
Dominion has o'er me.
I KNOW my loved ones when they come;
God bless them, EVERY ONE;
This is the way, the truth, the life,
The way His will is done.

Shame on a man of high repute,
Of Billy Sunday kind,
Who says your loved ones devils are,
And you have lost your mind.
The lowly Master led the way
In loving tenderness,
Instead of grabbing wealth of gold
In self-made righteousness.

Yes, Billy told the multitude
Of God's redeeming grace,
Then chucked poor sinners into hell
To make a hotter place,

And quite forgot the Golden Rule,
In selfish bigotry,
To do to others as you'd have
Their kindly ministry.

We Spiritualists are worshipping
A very DIFFERENT God—
A God of love eternally,
Who, 'neath the chastening rod,
His loving mercy ever shows,
Nor any soul can bar,
But tenderly in time shall lead
Through heavenly gates ajar.



ONWARD, LOYAL SPIRITUALISTS

[Air: "The Morning Light"]

AWAKE, ye loyal Spiritualists,
And sing the glad, new song;
The angels join the chorus grand
In one rejoicing throng.
Let heaven and earth unite in praise
And Truth's glad banner wave,
Let mourning hosts be comforted
For victory o'er the grave.

Let not your hearts be troubled more,
The Master spake of old,
And o'er and o'er the spirit friends
The story have retold.
Let science have her devotees
Whose skeptic minds dissect
All evidence of messages
And plainest facts reject.

Who measure all phenomena
Each by his narrow mind,
And in their ignorance declare
No proof whate'er they find.
From 'cross the mystic sea of life
No signal from above;
'Tis all delusion, sham or snare,
And not from those we love.

We shall not quarrel with these men
Of wisdom so profound,
Who cast aside their common sense

With arguments unsound.
But as for *us*, we *know the truth*
And recognize our own,
Who come to greet their loved ones here
And make their presence known.

The CHARACTER of messages
Is test of all supreme;
We KNOW our loved ones when they come,
We KNOW they're what they seem;
And all the critics in the world
In vict'ry we defy;
We welcome those who hail across
To prove they never die.



TEDDY BOY BLUE

SUCH a little fellow was he,
Teddy Boy Blue his name;
Always so full of laughter and glee,
Ready for any game.
Ev'ry one loved dear Teddy Boy—
Eyes so sweet and so blue,
Lips as pretty as cherries red,
Smilingly greeting you.

Teasingly coaxing to romp and play,
Life was so full of joy.
Gladness he brought you ev'ry day;
Ev'ry one loved our Teddy Boy.
Listen, oh, friends, as the story I tell
Shadows the brightness dim.
Life will no longer seem the same
All for the love of him.

Out of the window in saddest fright
Teddy escaped from the fire,
Bleeding and crushed from his daring leap—
Ladders could reach no higher.
Loving the hands that bore him away
To a cot in the hospital ward;
Wearisome hours he, suffering, lay
Praying this prayer: "Oh, Lord,

Comfort my papa, please, please do;
The angels are calling for me;
Comfort dear mamma for Teddy Boy Blue,

When from the pain I am free.
Mamma, dear mamma, it can not be far;
Do not, oh, please, do not cry.
Soon I shall be where the angels are;
Sister will carry me—dood, dood bye.”

Dear little mother, in thine anguish of grief,
Sorrowing father, whose heart stood still,
Blessed, how blessed thy one relief,
Teddy Boy Blue your lives shall thrill.
Messages send through the rended veil
Ever sweet comfort bring—
Knowledge of truths that never can fail,
Truly rejoicing, you sing.

Teddy Boy Blue will ever be near
Telling of wonderful things,
Ever your days to brighten and cheer,
Happiest message he brings.
Sorrowing fathers and mothers, we pray,
Open your hearts to receive;
Loved ones are living just over the way,
Joy shall be yours to believe.

Teddy Boy Blue or your girlie so dear
God hath not borne far away;
Heaven is here—not afar in space—
Even in thought you pray.
Loved one's beholding thru the gates ajar
Visions of beauty and joy;
Angels forever are crossing the bar,
Angels will care for your boy.



“As even atoms different are,
In some minute degree,
As soul from soul, as star from star,
Through all eternity—
Still this is man's beseeching prayer
Before the throne of grace,
We long to meet them 'over there,'
Our loved ones, face to face,
Not lost in some new guise or dress,
Not far away in space—
The same in loving tenderness
We knew in earthly place.”
—[s. c. H. in “Queen Ouida of the Pyramids.

THE POWER WITHIN

INSPIRER, PHOEBE CAREY

THE mountain stream goes dashing down
With many a joyful leap,
Until at last the level plain,
Where slow its waters creep,
Is spread before and 'long the shore
The wheels of traffic turn
In busy shops and factories,
Where man his bread must earn.

And here, its power again renewed,
It turns the giant wheels,
And flings away the foaming spray
In joy of servitude.
The mountain stream its tireless force
Derives from heights afar,
Amid the snow-capped hills its source,
Nor aught its power may bar.

Because the law omnipotent,
In all things governing,
The waters free in energy,
Nor e'er its power is spent;
For ev'ry stream its level seeks,
However high it be,
And ever onward steers its course
To reach the mother sea.

And so the spirit, in its growth,
Is like the mountain stream,
Pursuing e'er its onward course
To mountain heights agileam.
The one flows downward to the sea
By many a winding way;
The other rises, step by step,
To love's eternal day.

The evolution of the soul
Is born of heaven's decree,
And ev'ry spirit shall discern
Its destined ministry.
Your aspirations mark the path
To heaven's altitude;
The power to rise e'er lies within
The beautiful and good.

Nor prayer nor penance shall avail
For wrong to e'er atone;
Transgression's debt must e'er be paid,
Aye, paid by you alone.
But infinite the Father's love
And infinite His care,
And final triumph is for all
To final glory share.

This is the law immutable,
The same for you—for me.
The law of progress is divine
And love its ministry.
If we would reach the summit peaks,
By love's expression rise,
We *save* by kindly thoughts and deeds,
And not by sacrifice.

No higher than its source may rise
The mountain streamlet's flow;
No higher may the soul arise
Nor grander secrets know
Than aspirations for the light
Shall bid us onward press
To seek the good in ev'rything
In truest righteousness.



TELL THE STORY

Air: "Wonderful Words of Life" G. H. 282.

Tell the story to longing hearts,
Over and over again,
Loved ones coming to comfort us,
Blessings they bring to men,
Blessings like dewdrops on the flowers,
Blessings so sweet in the quiet hours;
Hark to their call, blessings for all,
Wonderful blessings they bring.

Heaven is nearer day by day,
Welcome your angel friends,
They are showing the better way,
Happiness never ends,
They your sorrows are healing,
Wonderful truths are revealing,
Whispering low, joys you shall know,
Wonderful joys of life.



A CHRISTMAS CAROL

INSPIRER, TENNYSON

Ring out, sweet bells, sweet Christmas bells,
 Ring, oh ring, oh ring.
Ring out, sweet bells, sweet Christmas bells,
 Ring out o'er plain and dells—
Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring in the beautiful and true,
Let all mankind their love renew
 This blessed Christmas morn.

Ring out, sweet bells, sweet Christmas bells,
 Ring, oh ring, oh ring,
That peace shall come to all the world,
That battle flags again be furled
Good will toward men for'er shall reign,
The higher law of love obtain,
The brotherhood of man atone,
And overthrow dark hatred's throne.
Ring out, sweet bells, sweet Christmas bells,
 Ring, oh ring, oh ring,
Ring out, sweet bells, sweet Christmas bells,
 To all mankind thy music tells
That earth to heaven is very near,
That all who go, so loved, so dear,
Are all around and with us still,
 Obeying e'er divinest will.

Ring out, sweet bells, sweet Christmas bells,
 Ring, oh ring, oh ring,
Ring out, sweet bells, sweet Christmas bells,
 Thy song our hearts are echoing.
This sweet adventure why so dread,
For know ye not there are no dead?
We shall not leave you comfortless,
Our ministry your life shall bless.

Ring out, sweet bells, sweet Christmas bells,
 Ring, oh ring, oh ring,
Thy tones all selfishness dispels
For heaven is here—within us dwells,
The grander revelation brings
In sweetest angel whisperings.
The story old is told anew,
Interpreted with broader view—
 That all may see and know.

Ring out, sweet bells, sweet Christmas bells,
 Ring, oh ring, oh ring,
Ring out, sweet bells, sweet Christmas bells,
 Ring, oh ring, oh ring,
Thy music sweet the story tells
Of Bethlehem, the lowly birth,
Of Him who came to bless the earth
To teach the way, the truth, the life,
To free the world from bitter strife
Through God's redeeming power.

Ring out, sweet bells, sweet Christmas bells,
 Ring, oh ring, oh ring,
Ring out, sweet bells, glad Christmas bells,
O'er sea and land thy music swells
To show the life, the truth, the way
That leads unto eternal day.
How strangely man misunderstood,
And turned to evil only good—
The lessons Thou didst teach.
Ring out, sweet bells, sweet Christmas bells,
 Ring, oh ring, oh ring,
Ring out the false, ring in the true,
Of brotherhood a broader view.
That all rejoicing may behold
Ring out the musty creeds of old,
Truth's revelation evermore;
Glad tidings sing from shore—
 Oh Death, where is thy sting!

Ring out, sweet bells, sweet Christmas bells,
 Ring, oh ring, oh ring,
Rejoicing millions understand
'Tis but a step to Summerland,
And if our souls are in attune,
With loved ones daily we commune.
Proclaim the message far and near,
Let sorrowing ones no longer fear,
But live rejoicing every hour,
Encompassed by the angel power
That holds us in its sweet embrace—
This is the victory of grace,
This is the will of the Divine,
And more and more its truths shall shine,
Illumining your soul and mine.
Ring out, sweet bells, sweet Christmas bells,
 Love's sweetest message bring,
 Ring, oh ring, oh ring.

THE SHEPHERD PSALM

(Arrangement and additional lines by S. C. H.)

THE Lord is my Shepherd, no want I shall know,
I lie in green pastures, the way He will show,
Beside the still waters will graciously lead,
Will help me and bless me, supply ev'ry need,
Restoring my soul from day unto day,
Forever will lead in truth's righteous way.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of death,
No evil I fear, David, comforting, saith;
Thy rod and Thy staff sustaining me still,
Upheld by Thy loving, omnipotent will.
In the midst of mine enemies a feast dost prepare,
Surrounding and shielding by Thy gracious care.
Thou anointest my head with the oil of Thy peace,
My cup runneth over, yea, bounties increase.
Surely, goodness and mercy shall follow my days—
In Thy house to dwell, forever to praise.



For angels surround me with tenderest care
And tell the glory with them I shall share.
Sweet messages bring through heaven's dear gate,
Where loved ones our coming so longingly wait.
Yes, watching and waiting that sweet, solemn hour
To bear me away on their pinions of power
To the glorious joys no tongue can portray,
To the home over there for which we all pray.

Let the journey of life with patience be run,
Forgetting the wrongs that others have done.
For all of thy trials and struggles and tears
In the light of the spirit but heaven endears
As trifles compared to the joys of the blest,
In the summerland home of beauty and rest,
Where we shall all know as we truly are known,
Be judged by the fruits of the seeds we have sown.



THE NEW DOXOLOGY

PRaise God, from whom all blessings flow,
PRaise Him that heaven's truths ye know,
PRaise all the angel hosts above,
Whose presence proves undying love.

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S. C. H.

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